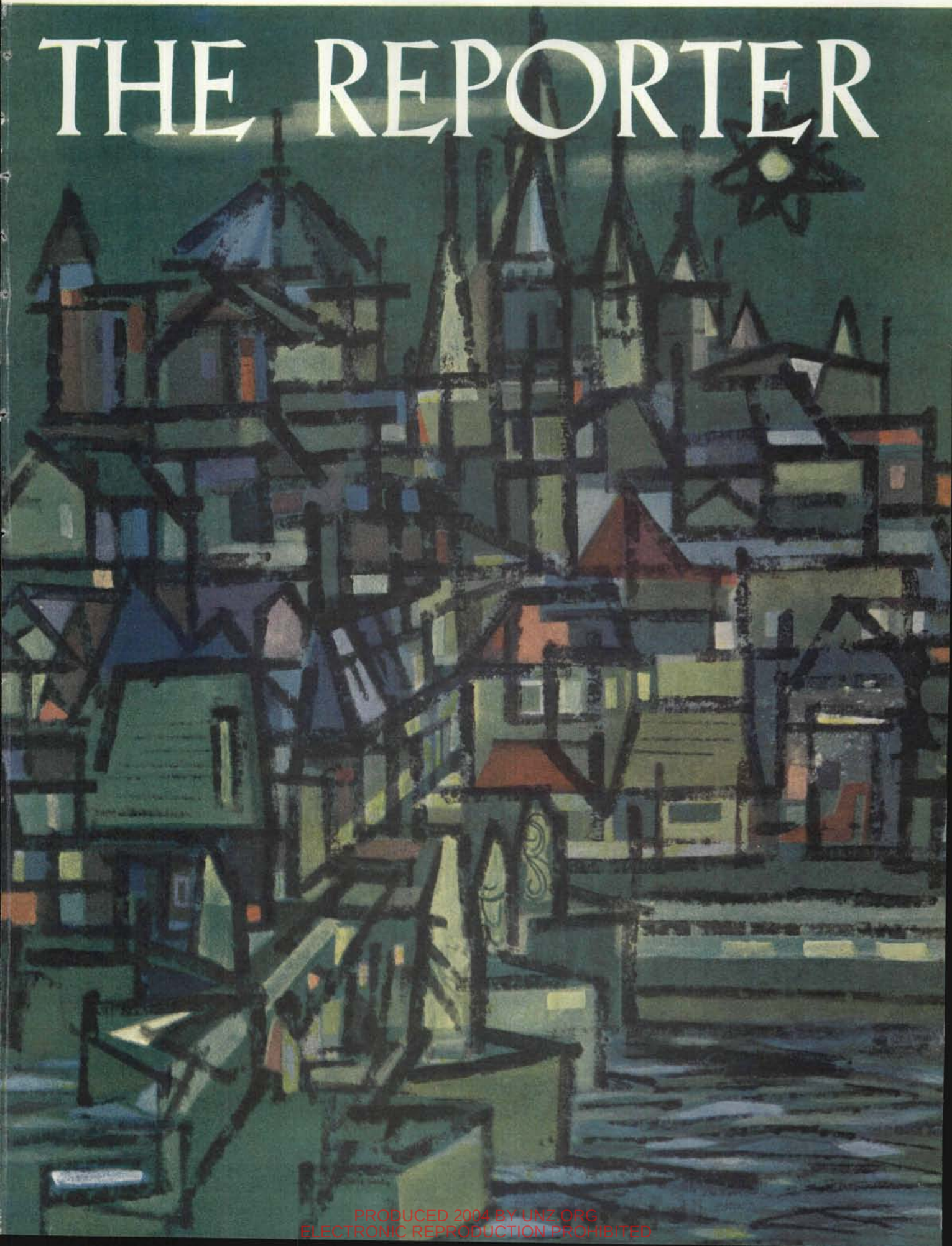
AND THEY SAY WE ARE DOING FINE

April 5, 1956 25¢

THE REPORTER



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Secretary of the Treasury

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Avalanche

This is one of those pleasurable occasions when there is no use pretending to be objective, and no sense in waiting for all the available facts before expressing one's opinion. Our ignorance of the causes that made for the posthumous—alas—demotion of Joseph Stalin is equaled by our intense gratification about the whole thing. We have become avid readers of all the news items reporting on the confusion and dismay among the Comrades everywhere—in Moscow, Tiflis, Union Square, in Rome. Needless to say, we do not take any of these news items as gospel truth, and are duly thankful to the gods that, in their infinite kindness, they have *not* made us experts on Russian affairs.

At any rate, there is enough information and authoritative opinion available to make it certain that the Soviet régime is in serious trouble. The men in the Kremlin have started something whose outcome they cannot control. Indeed, they seem to be competing as to who can be the most irreverent in denouncing the embalmed dictator.

At the Party Congress last month, Khrushchev first started the attack on Stalin, without, however, mentioning his name. Khrushchev's position was reported in the press as that of a middle-of-the-roader—presumably the Muscovite version of a liberal conservative or dynamic progressivist. But since Mikoyan, when his turn to speak came, proved far more dynamic, just before the end of the Congress Khrushchev wanted to prove that he was no man to be left behind. He let go at Stalin with everything he had. Between his two speeches just ten days passed. They must have been crowded days.

THE COMMUNISTS say that their economic system, where the government owns everything, entirely eliminates what, in the bourgeois capitalistic society, are known as business cycles. The ups and downs of our economy, as we all know, largely result from the miscalculations of the holders of economic power. But miscalculations occur in the Communist-planned economy too, and the miscalculating planners usually pay the penalty with their skins. Sometimes their miscalculations are of a political rather than economic nature. But out they go anyway. The Communist purges are the equivalent of our depressions.

They are also the equivalent of our political crises. In our politics the ups and downs—the passage of power from one party to another, from one group of leaders to another—take place at election time. Indeed, it is to register these changes that elections are regularly and periodically held. At the polls the relationship between the leaders and the led is set anew. Old leaders subject themselves to popular scrutiny, and new ones come to the fore. We are so accustomed to this system of ours that it takes a good look at what happens on the other side of the Iron Curtain to remind us of how good it is and how well it works.

Under Communism, everybody is in the dark, both the leaders and the led. The leaders have no chance to sample the people's feelings and test out new policies. The led can expect only massive, unqualified pronouncements. So it happens that political changes, when they occur, roll in like blind forces of nature. For this is a characteristic of a totalitarian, monolithic system of government: It blinds men—both those who lead and those who are led.

Unquestionably, things are stirring in Russia. People there cannot help asking some fundamental whys. They cannot have lost all their humanity. Man can never be entirely robotized or have his nervous system completely wired.

Like everybody else, probably like the Russian leaders themselves, we know little or nothing of what caused this colossal avalanche. We watch it with a heart full of charity for the Russian people and full of malice toward their leaders. To the latter we sincerely wish ill.

Between Primaries

A Presidential primary, like a bridge game, may be more interesting to analyze and talk about than to engage in. Each side scrambles to adjust predictions beforehand and make explanations afterward that will put it in the best light. Nixon's write-in vote in New Hampshire had the advantage that no one expected it; Stevenson in Minnesota was caught with his predictions up. The

AFTERTHOUGHT

"The American Heart Association announced yesterday [March 18] two studies seeking information on the problems of victims of heart disease who have returned to work."

—*The New York* Times

The horse is gone, the stable door is locked,
The verdict's in before the evidence;
The race is now beginning to be clocked
By doctors not involved with Presidents.

—SEC

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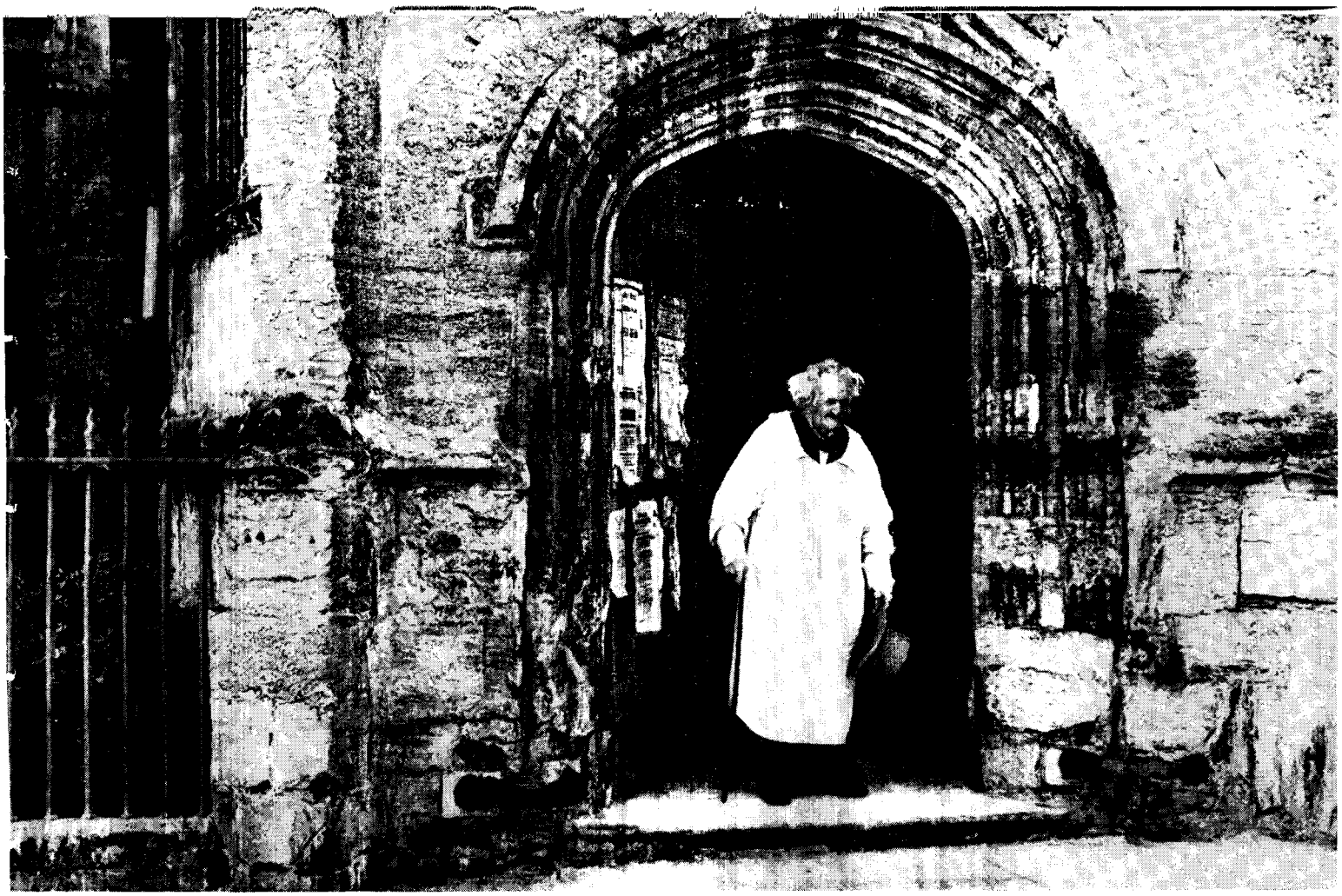

First step in ancestor-hunting: a chat with the village's senior inhabitant.

How to find your great-great-great-great-great-grandfather in Britain

FIRST, go back to the village your ancestors came from. Talk to the oldest inhabitant. He'll be a gold-mine of information on everybody's family history—yours included.

Or visit the Vicar. He can show you how to consult the Parish Register. There are nearly 5,000 such registers in England and Wales alone. Some contain four hundred years of news about local marriages, baptisms, burials.

Maybe you and the Vicar will end the afternoon by calling on a number of your ancestors in the churchyard.

If the Parish Register fails, don't give up. Rent rolls and hearth taxes, census returns, wills and deeds dating back to ancient times are all filed somewhere. The British adore old documents and *never* throw them out.

Whenever the trail grows cold, you can call on the scholarly curators of Britain's genealogical societies and great libraries (such as the British Museum).

If you consult the telephone book, you may come up with a helpful great-aunt (or charming cousin). Consult the College of Heralds in London, or Lord Lyon in Edinburgh, and you may come up with a Coat of Arms!

It will be a grand vacation project,* and one discovery will be a sense of kinship with the British. They'll all be eager to help. See your travel agent and write for free booklet, "Tracing your Ancestors," to the British Travel Assn., Box 310, 336 Madison Ave., N. Y.; in Canada to 90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

*If you don't have a British ancestor, why not invent one?

Take this list of useful addresses with you on your hunt!

England and Wales

Somerset House, Strand, London
(birth, marriage, death certificates)
Society of Genealogists,
37 Harrington Gardens, London
Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, London
National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth

Northern Ireland

Public Record Office, Law Courts,
May Street, Belfast

Scotland

New Registry House, Edinburgh
Scots Ancestry Research Society,
4 North St. David Street, Edinburgh

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Washington one of your ancestors? This is the family Coat of Arms—at Sulgrave Manor

victor inclines toward the interpretation that sees the primary as a clear expression of the will of "the people." The loser is more aware that the people speak only when they are spoken to. In these rather random contests with shifting ground rules, there may not be much question about who takes the tricks, but it's not so certain how they should be scored.

But however difficult it may be to know for sure what "the people" are saying in these primaries, at least it seems clear that they want to talk. Reporters were impressed with the seriousness with which voters took the Minnesota affair, and the size of the turnout—a new record—was striking. So was the number of votes that went into the Democratic Farmer-Labor column: More than one hundred thousand voters who had held to the Republican line in 1954 went over to vote this time with the Democrats.

THE REPUBLICANS, trying to explain this, are in the embarrassing position of saying it was the result of their own mischief; lots of solid Republicans, they may say, went over into the Democratic column, where there was a contest, to undo Stevenson and the Minnesota Democratic leadership. In some places it looks as though they might be right. One may be suspicious, for example, of the results in the Edina district, a silk-stocking Republican stronghold on the edge of Minneapolis. There the Democratic vote more than quintupled between the 1952 general election and the March 20 primary. But this explanation can hardly be built up to account for one hundred thousand votes. Something real and big is afoot for the Democrats, at least in Minnesota.

One may compare this surprising show of strength by the Democrats with the weakness of the party at the top. In fact, if only there were a united Democratic Party, it might even surprise itself next fall with victory.

The Hot Potato

At long last our government leaders have decided that the U.N. can be of some use in dealing with ugly international problems. Or at least the Administration must have thought the U.N. was worth a try when it asked Secretary-General Hammarskjold to go to the Middle East as a fact-finder and peacemaker. Our government leaders could thus avoid deciding about arms to Israel, support to Britain, entrance into the Baghdad Pact, etc. The etcetera list is very long. Maybe the Administration's speech-writers have been given a new theme to translate into polysyllabic words: U.N. fixes.

The idea is certainly praiseworthy, and our praise would surely be much warmer were it not that our government—and not only during this Administration—has so frequently by-passed or ignored the U.N. On those occasions when Secretary Dulles has been hovering on the brink of war he has never thought of calling in Dag Hammarskjold.

This time he does, with the perhaps not overenthusiastic support of the British and the French. Secretary Hammarskjold, too, might have had some reluctance to embark on this mission were it not that he is an extraordinarily dedicated man, whose diplomatic skill is matched only by his eagerness to serve the cause of peace against all odds.

Once before, he embarked on a diplomatic mission in the interests of our country and peace when he went to China to negotiate the release of our fliers. When he came back, Senator Knowland called his mission a "failure by any standard or yardstick that Americans can use."

Yet he is embarking on this new mission. If anyone can succeed, it's Dag Hammarskjold, because of the office he holds and because of the man he is.

Sharp Edge

Once upon a time there was the tiresome old Lodge-Gossett amendment, a proposal to change the Constitution so that a state's electoral vote would not be given entirely to the winner as now (New York: Eisenhower 45 electoral votes, Stevenson 0) but rather divided in proportion to the state-wide vote (New York: Eisenhower 25, Stevenson 20). Senator Price Daniel of Texas, joined by Estes Kefauver, has revived this proposal in the present Congress.

Another stuffy proposal was submitted to compete with this—the Mundt-Coudert amendment. This one would divide the electoral vote by Congressional districts (New York: First District for Eisenhower, Second District for Eisenhower, . . . Eighth District for Stevenson, Ninth District for Stevenson).

FOR A COUPLE of years, the respective proponents denounced each other's plan as undemocratic, mistaken, and a backward step. Then last fall they joined forces to promote a bill that included both alternatives. A state legislature could choose which of the two ways the states' votes would be counted. There is a possibility that the Senate, stunned by this new combination, will pass it. Happily, however, a group of Senators, led by Kennedy of Massachusetts, is fighting against it.

It may not be entirely a coincidence, for example, that the old Lodge-Gossett, now Kefauver-Daniel, method has two sponsors from Texas. If their proposal were passed, the Southern states might then offer the Democratic Party its biggest potential net gain in electoral votes over the Republicans, because in New York and Pennsylvania and the other big states in the North the electoral votes would be rather evenly divided between the parties. The Southern states, which could then offer a bigger surplus to the Democrats, could expect a dandy increase in patronage, attention at campaign time, and power in party councils and conventions. And biggest of all, of course, would be Texas.

It isn't hard to know who would profit from that Congressional-district proposal of Senator Mundt, and which most one-party state legislatures would no doubt choose. The beneficiaries would be the conservative friends of Mr. Mundt. This proposal would take all of the gerrymanders and rotten boroughs that state legislatures have put into Congressional districting and thrust them into Presidential elections. If that were allowed to happen, we citizens might well find that this dull issue had suddenly developed a sharp and painful cutting edge.

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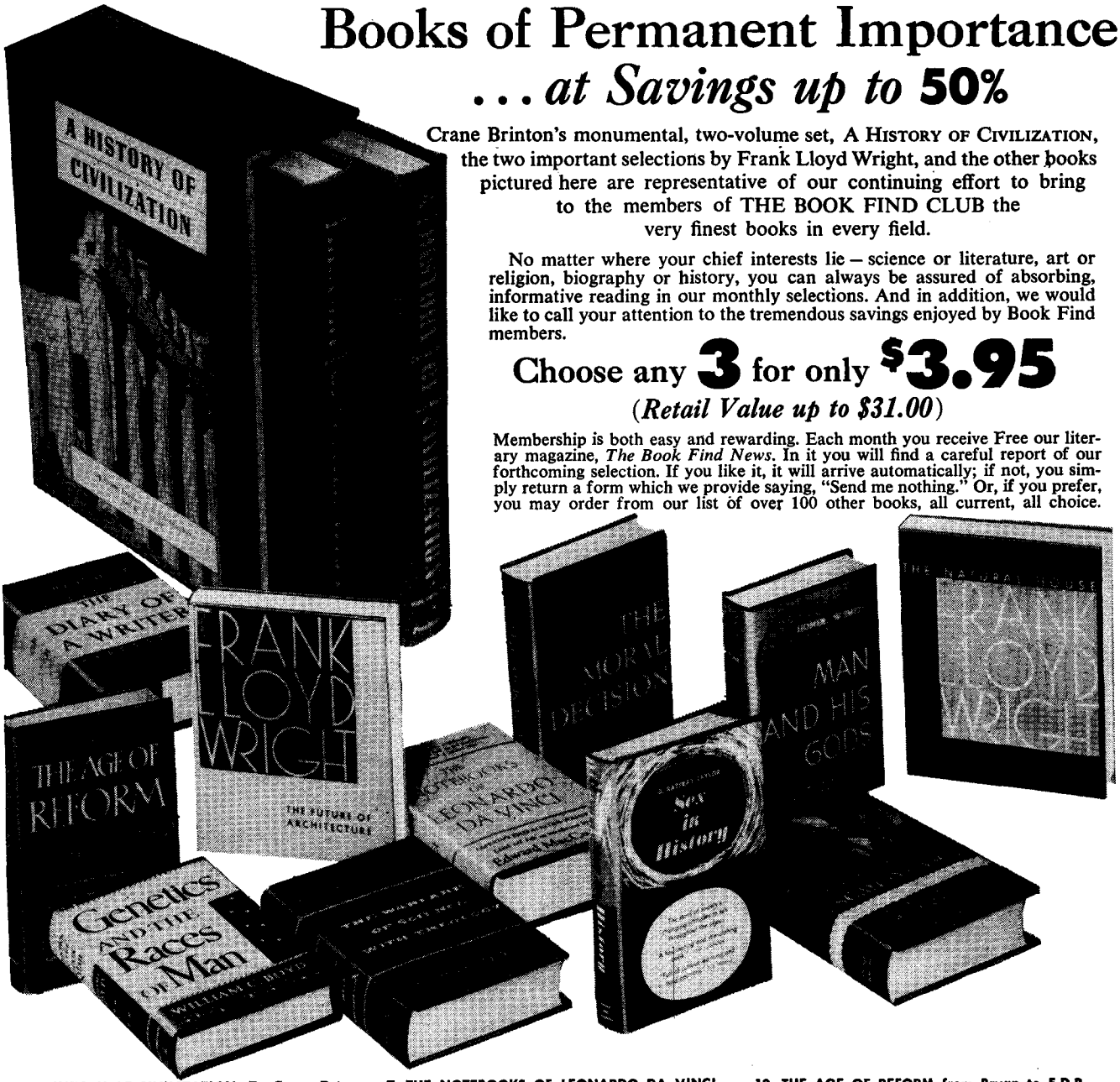
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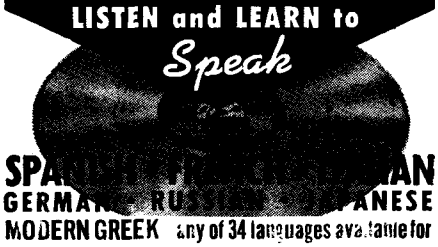

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ORDEAL OF THE SOUTH

To the Editor: You are to be congratulated on your editorial "The Courage of Prudence" in the March 8 issue of *The Reporter.* A voice of moderation and reason in the midst of emotion and lunacy is most heartening.

Here is one Southerner (Upper South) who appreciates a reasoned approach to a problem that is nation-wide and not confined to the Negro. I should be greatly discouraged with the whole situation were it not for the fact that I have found young people to be liberal and willing to go the second mile in order to eliminate this blot from our national life. My experience as a secondary-school teacher and college professor has taught me this.

However, these same young people have a doubly onerous job in that they must fight the lunatic fringe on both sides of the question, in addition to a press that generally flaunts the conflicts and does nothing to point out the advances that are being made.

ALBERT ROBINSON, JR.
Assistant Professor of Biology
Kansas Wesleyan University
Salina

To the Editor: In "The Courage of Prudence" you say: "Above all, the Southern race issue must be kept out of politics."

The Negro, in his status of "second-class citizen," is bound by the laws of the land. He must pay his taxes and conform in his daily pattern of living to laws on the statute books. For his failure to comply with any law of any state or city—or with a Supreme Court decision—what would be his fate?

The political figures of our day hold in their hands the key to the issue. They are the lawmakers and are responsible also for the caliber of law-enforcement officers appointed to make these laws effective.

Negro voters must know the position of candidates on such matters in order to use their votes intelligently. We who enjoy the privilege of acting at the polls are concerned with the fate of the many American Negroes living in the South who remain disfranchised and are exploited by politicians who do not represent them.

The Southern race issue is the most important consideration in this Presidential year. Certain Southern states have lived too long under our great flag in direct disobedience to the Constitution.

MRS. MILDRED T. JORDAN
St. Paul, Minnesota

To the Editor: While I think that *The Reporter's* counsel of prudence and moderation in the crisis of integration is highly commendable, it seems to me that such an attitude can too easily put us to sleep.

This is a time for Christians and other men of good will, both Northerners and Southerners, to stand up and be counted on the side of justice and mercy. I do not insist on the impossible. There are responsible organizations like the Fellowship of Reconciliation, In Friendship, the N.A.A.C.P., and the various church bodies that are actively concerned with carrying out desegregation with a minimum of dislocation—a gain both in the North, where bias is covert, and in the South, where it is the basic fabric of Society. Let us not become so prudent that we smother the necessary dynamic of liberty. Let us not be so moderate that we kowtow to the mob.

WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER
New York

To the Editor: It's too late now to take the racial question out of politics, for it was planted and nourished and grown in politics, with the New Deal sewing the seed and the Republicans reaping the harvest. It's going to stay in politics. Senator Hill will find that out while he's trying to straddle the fence. Ike should know that no wise conqueror changes the customs of a subdued nation. Those who try face revolution. Ike can't change the South, nor can Adlai or Harriman or the Nine Old Men.

JOHN B. ATKINS
Birmingham, Alabama

To the Editor: Grouped together, your articles and editorial concerning the racial situation in America smack of but one thing: appeasement. I write this not as some hot-head emotionalist but as a U.S. citizen (albeit second-class) to what I believed to be a staunch, liberal, and militant magazine. You and I know that it is the height of naïveté even to hope that the issue of desegregation will be kept out of this year's election. Here in America there is no middle ground. The foes of desegregation are completely wrong, as wrong as was Hitler with his anti-Semitic policies. Since the Supreme Court decision, Negroes have donned seven-league boots and we intend to walk accordingly. We do not intend to wait until the Third World War is over before we are permitted to sit anywhere on a bus. We want to be and shall be full citizens of the entire United States, not just partial citizens of some states.

ARTHUR J. JACKSON
Philadelphia

To the Editor: Your editorial on "The Courage of Prudence" says what I had hoped and expected you to say about the national tragedy we are viewing in the South today. But I wish to take exception in the strongest possible way to your statement that "Above all, the Southern race issue must be kept of politics."

Somehow you too (of all people) have succumbed to the American myth that politics is a dirty business and ought to be kept out of controversial social issues. The confusion on this matter shows up in two of your other statements. First you say that

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we can solve this problem "because we have a Fourteenth Amendment and a Supreme Court above politics . . ." Shortly thereafter you urge that "the Negroes must never slacken in their hard fight to exercise the most practical and effective right of all: the right to vote." Why the right to vote? Because, you say, politicians everywhere are obedient to the expressed will of their constituents. How the exercise of the right to vote is compatible with taking the problem out of politics is very difficult for me to understand. Democratic politics is one of the great inventions of mankind because it is primarily an instrument for the peaceful settlement of social problems and conflicts that cannot be solved by private peaceful means.

Of course politics fails at times, as it did in the slavery question (although it kept the controversy in peaceful channels for half a century before force had to be used to settle the issue). And of course mankind's weaknesses, cruelties, and corruptions are reflected on the political scene. The instrument of politics may be subverted, just as any other human institution may, but it can also be used to settle social disputes that would otherwise be settled by violence.

ROBERT J. PITCHELL
Purdue University
Lafayette, Indiana

To the Editor: You are to be congratulated for your March 8 issue, especially for the editorial on Adlai Stevenson's position on the integration issue and the fine article by the Rev. Thomas R. Thrasher.

While the present state of emotionalism, North and South, has all the elements for creating the ugliest and most damaging kind of retrograde movement in civil rights for Negroes, it is encouraging that there are also important voices being raised which may prevent this. It is particularly heartening to have a respected liberal magazine lend its support to the idea that the problem of the South cannot be solved overnight by the superimposition of Northern ideas.

It would be the greatest and most wasteful of tragedies if the potentials of the Supreme Court's decision, which was itself an eloquent plea for moderation, should be destroyed by the efforts of our latter-day abolitionists.

JAMES N. MILLER
Croton-on-Hudson, New York

PRAISE INDEED

To the Editor: I am a senior in high school, and a newcomer to your magazine. It was assigned to me for analysis by my history teacher, and since that time, only two weeks ago, I have been reading *The Reporter* day and night. It has made me aware of the issues of the day, and has taught me to analyze the news for myself to some extent. I want you to know that you and your wonderful magazine have taken me away from the comic strips and brought me to the editorial page. For this I, and my father who has been reading *The Reporter* for years, wish to thank you.

MARCIA PRINCE
Newark, New Jersey

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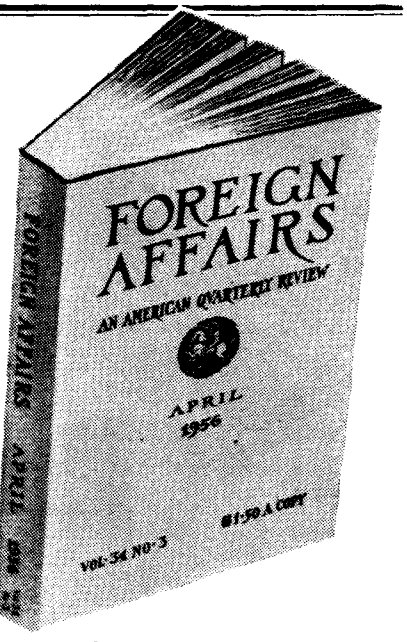

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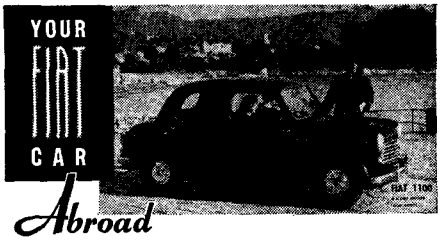

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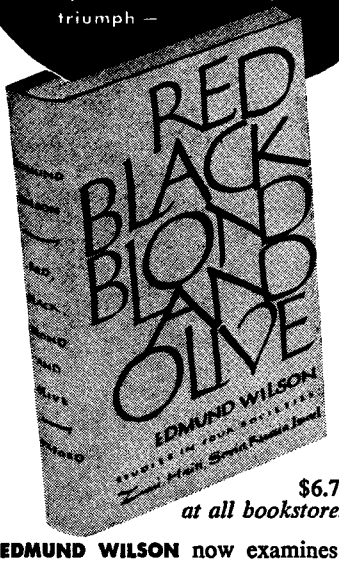

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

NOT EVEN the excitement of the primaries can make us forget that the condition of our foreign policy is just plain bad. We are losing ground, and the "we" is not just the United States but that broad group of nations, some of them united by alliance, some calling themselves neutral, against which the Communist leaders are exerting their malice and their wiles. We have too great a confidence in the intelligence of the American people to agree with those who say that Americans are not generally concerned with foreign affairs. The only trouble is that they are not told enough about foreign affairs, and what they are told is not told with candor. That is what we try to do in this issue—first in **Max Ascoli's** editorial, then in the article on NATO by our European correspondent, **Edmond Taylor.** The nations of NATO are increasingly doubtful as to the wisdom of our Administration leaders. In Europe the western coalition of nations used to be headed by Robert Schumann, Alcide De Gasperi, and Konrad Adenauer. Our policy depended immensely on these men. Now the first is out of office, the second is dead, and the third is losing the strong grip he once held on his nation's policy. **John Midgley** is foreign editor of the *Economist* of London.

IN OUR last issue we published the agonized cry of a Southern white writer. Now we present a report from the South by a Negro writer who spent several weeks traveling about for us. **William Demby,** a free-lancer who has lived abroad, saw things and situations he did not like during his trip through the South. Yet he kept his emotions under control.

Patrick O'Donovan, Washington correspondent for the London *Observer*, followed Senator Kefauver in the Minnesota primary. Our readers may remember the article he wrote about another Democratic campaigner, "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky. To this British journalist who views our political scene with keen and unprejudiced eyes, the senior Senator from Tennessee appears to be an extraordinary political animal—a man with inexhaustible resources of spunk and resilience.

The Minnesota primaries have called attention to the Democratic dark horses. One of these is the Governor of Ohio, a man who has concentrated his knack for getting votes entirely on his native state, and in a way has become something of a national figure precisely because he has never played a role on the national scene. In Governor Lausche we see the Ohio version of what may be called the new look in American politics: An ambitious politician, to succeed, must have bipartisan, nonpartisan, or independent support. **William H. Hessler,** who reports on the Governor of his home state, is on the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer.*

Harlan Cleveland's analysis of what it takes to be an effective public servant in Washington is based on the experience he gained as a governmental executive. Mr. Cleveland served with ECA in the Far East and in Europe.

It appears that now we have to worry about Afghanistan. **Arthur Bonner,** CBS correspondent in New Delhi, reports on the attempts, not all unsuccessful, that the Russians are making to penetrate and influence that nation.

Vernon Aspaturian, a student of Russian affairs who now teaches political science at Pennsylvania State University, tells us that Russia's Foreign Minister Molotov is quietly and undramatically reaching the end of his rope.

The short story in this issue is by **John Cheever,** who this year won both Martha Foley and O. Henry awards.

Sidney Alexander, who regularly contributes book essays to *The Reporter*, teaches at the New School in New York.

Our cover, an impression of a German town, is by **Marilyn Miller.**

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And They Say We Are Doing Fine

THE SYRUPY statements of the Administration's leaders keep pouring out, and on every conceivable occasion we are told that there are, or course, some trouble spots in the world but, on the whole, that there is not much to worry about. Sometimes we get caught in the middle, and so it happens that both antagonists —Arabs and Israelis, colonialists and anti-colonialists, Indians and Pakistanis—with equal bitterness distrust or hate us. Sometimes it may even happen that our consular offices are stoned and our flag is desecrated by angry mobs. These are regrettable accidents, for we do not hate anybody and therefore should be the target of no hatred. In fact, we do not do much to help any side in the many conflicts now festering in the non-Communist world.

Unceasingly, we are reminded that we enjoy that absence of shooting war which is called peace, and that we have prosperity. Our foreign policy is becoming more flexible, so we are told, and as an evidence of this flexibility the touristic diplomacy of John Foster Dulles is at present stimulating a two-way traffic: The heads of government or of states reputed to be antagonistic to us are invited to visit Washington. Conversation with the President and an address to a joint session of Congress will help to fix up things. We are soon going to have Nehru and Soekarno. Some day—who knows?—Bulganin and Khrushchev may make the grade.

Should this come to pass, it is doubtful that the joint communiqué released at the end of the visit would state that both parties concerned share the belief that man has been made in the image of God—though presumably those two Russian characters would not mind. But when Anthony Eden lately came to Washington, he certainly did not fail to join the President in promulgating lofty principles involving God and the destiny of man.

In fact, this bureaucratized, routinized godliness, this introduction of religious verbiage in the pronouncements of the Administration's leaders on domestic and foreign affairs, has gone so far as to border on blasphemy. This kind of vapid, ersatz religion is being high-pressured on us by men in positions of authority, intent on using it as a mild opiate of the people—an opiate which is not poisonous, not conducive to feverish dreams, but which may contribute, together with the other sedatives spread around by the media of mass communication, to dull the people's awareness of their own plight.

Integration in Reverse

This plight is not restricted to the American nation. Indeed, it has affected that vast community of peoples, that huge network of institutions which stand outside the Communist orbit, and are antagonistic to it, yet have—or used to have—something in common more binding than sheer opposition to Communism. This community has no capital city, no chief executive, and no constitution. It cannot be as united against Communism as Communism is united against it without betraying itself. Yet within its borders, in infinitely different forms and at a widely different pace, the same process goes on—or used to go on. The most appropriate name for this process is integration. We used to talk a great deal, and we still talk, about the integration of Europe, of the Atlantic Community, or of other regional groups of nations. Integration does not always and necessarily mean subordination of hitherto independent countries to a supranational structure, federal or otherwise. But it does mean participation in a broader whole—a limited participation that at the same time guarantees and defines the independence of the participating entity. Integration means partaking in a process wherein each component element finds in the very fact of partaking the chance to develop its fullest self.

In what is called the free world, the champion and advocate of integration used to be the United States. The verbiage of integration is still a standard part of the rhetorical equipment of our government. Administration leaders never tire of sermonizing other nations on the virtues of supranational unity, political or functional. At times they can scarcely restrain their impatience with a Europe that fails to give itself a united army or a unifying federal constitution. But when it comes to giving an example of America's participation in a broader whole, when there is a risk that America may be a subject and not just a preacher of integration, then the tendency of the American government is to have our nation included out.

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Our nation does not practice what it preaches, and therefore our influence is constantly decaying. During the war we used to be the leaven of the Grand Alliance —and not only because of our superior technology and wealth. Again, we provided the leaven to the restoration and new growth of the European economies—and not only because of the billions we spent. Again, when the Communist advance into Europe had to be stopped, we gave weapons and leadership to the NATO alliance. Now, we have reached a stage where neither military alliances nor economic assistance are enough.

They are not enough because of the changes that have occurred in the internal and external policies of Soviet Russia, and because of the unchanging nature of the Communist bloc, irrespective of the antics of the Soviet leaders. Of these two considerations, the second is undoubtedly the more weighty. Our nation is not nearly strong and powerful enough to counteract alone the Communist bloc, and at the same time by no stretch of the imagination can we bring into existence a bloc of nations whose massive unity can even remotely be a match for the Communist one. We have no way out except by giving both our leadership and our example to the process of integration—a process which implies limited subordination of national sovereignties in order to make these sovereignties more secure, and gradual coming into existence of different commonwealths with different degrees of internal cohesion. But there can be no process of integration started or restarted without the propulsion of a major integrating power, and there can be no other integrating power than the United States.

MOREOVER, just at this time, the Communist bloc, without losing any of its tyrannical unity, has become more articulate, more relaxed, for the Communist leaders draw full advantage from the enormous productive machinery they are mastering. They can now rival us in the manufacture both of weapons and of marketable goods. They can even take some interest in the general well-being of their own people. They have developed enough technical knowhow to offer some of it for export. Actually, there is no field in which these pedantic imitators have not caught up with us and are not competing with us. Except, of course, in one: They cannot energize and harmonize the freedom of the peoples on their side. But as our political leaders are satisfied with the present military stalemate and show no inclination to find some substitute for force to bring about changes in our favor, the men in the Kremlin are having a wonderful time.

They cultivate every divisive force. They foster nationalism in colonial or semi-colonial countries and, in fact, they cultivate nationalism in the old countries too whenever they have a chance to prevent or hinder the coalition of democratic nations. They avoid negotiating with the non-Communist world in terms of collective bargaining. They may still deign to participate in international conferences, mostly for ceremonial purposes, but they like above all to go from one nation to another, from one capital to another, and settle their business separately. They still preach coexistence, but the coexistence they cherish is with single nations. For a while—perhaps for a long while—they may plan to coexist with us. They have no particular reason to worry about the policies of our leaders, particularly since these policies are aimed at fostering military coalitions that are never in danger of growing into free and cohesive commonwealths.

The Lawful Rebellion

And so it goes, while our own people are sermonized about man's destiny, his divine origin, and his divine destination. We are told that we are ahead, well ahead, of our Communist antagonists in every possible field, and periodically we are offered the enjoyment of our Secretary of State's travelogues, with the list of all places he has visited and the nice people he has met. In the Middle East, in the Far East, we are told, we have very good friends, and although there is rather serious tension in several spots, we must not exaggerate the danger of war, and can be confident that in the long run, reason and good will shall prevail. It is difficult to think of a great nation that is still free, and yet is treated with so much systematic uncandor.

We hear also a lot about the bright prospects of integration, but integration remains something that should happen to others. Yet there is a sort of tragic justice in words—particularly when they represent great ideas. We hear a great deal about integration these days as something which is officially preached but does not operate quite properly south of the Mason-Dixon Line. The divisive forces working against integration between white and Negro people are getting tougher and meaner. Some of the vicious arguments these forces advance have even found an echo among some hundred Congressmen. It has become difficult now to remain moderate and patient in front of the divisive, resurgent power of sectionalism. But the hundred Southern Congressmen may proudly say that in our land divisiveness and disobedience of the law are not Communist inspired.

IT IS THE FUNCTION of leadership to make us regain the sense of wholeness, so that the fragmentation of our unity at home and of our coalition abroad be halted. The supreme leadership, of course, should come from the White House. It should, but it does not—not as far as the domestic and not as far as the Allied plight is concerned. But the silence or the exalted vacuity of the White House does not exonerate citizens from doing, in their own way, what they can. From telling the truth, for instance.

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The Strains On NATO

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

WHEN French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau, speaking at an Anglo-American Press Association luncheon in Paris on March 2, revealed his "utter disagreement" with western policy as it has recently been conducted under U.S. leadership, many of the correspondents present jumped to the conclusion that they had witnessed one of those large, economy-size diplomatic bloopers which up to then had been considered the peculiar secret of U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Pineau, they reminded their readers the next day, had been speaking extemporaneously and no exact record of his remarks had been kept. Furthermore, he was an amateur at diplomacy—though no doubt a well-meaning one.

The belief that Pineau must have kicked the china closet without quite realizing what he was doing was understandable. He had always been looked upon as a champion of European unity, which is one of the main goals of U.S. foreign policy, and there had been a good deal of discreet jubilation in official American circles when Premier Guy Mollet named him, rather than Pierre Mendès-France, to the Quai d'Orsay. The feeling that he could not have meant what he said was therefore most pronounced among correspondents who had particularly close contacts with the U.S. Embassy.

And yet Pineau does not look like the kind of man who uses words without thinking. Years of negotiating with bank officials on behalf of the bank and stock-exchange employees' union in Paris has given him the well-tailored, slightly pouchy-eyed suavity of a corporation lawyer accustomed to closing big deals over luncheon tables. When he rises to speak Pineau gives the impression of somehow being more firmly planted than other men, like a pawn carefully set down on a chessboard of his own devising.

Indications that Pineau's apparent indiscretions were carefully planned are bolstered by a certain amount of material evidence. A newspaper

article written by him on the eve of the elections, but overlooked at the time, includes nearly all the diplomatic heresies of his Press Association talk, sometimes more bluntly stated. And as André Fontaine has pointed out in *Le Monde*, Pineau's thesis that disarmament should have priority over German reunification—one of the features of his talk that most distressed western diplomats—was actually foreshadowed in certain passages of Premier Mollet's investiture speech.

Three-Point Warning

Pineau's Press Association talk can be summarized as a blunt three-point warning to France's NATO partners:

¶ Lack of political solidarity and co-ordination among the NATO powers, particularly the Big Three, is threatening to break up the Atlantic Alliance.

"There is really no common French-British-American policy in the world," Pineau complained, laying particular stress on the failure of France's major allies to support the French struggle in North Africa. The depth of French bitterness on this score was suggested by Pineau's deliberately vague charge that "certain powers" were eager to inherit France's position in North Africa. He did not hesitate to name names directly in declaring that the situation in Southeast Asia might have been better today "if the United States had pursued a policy of collaboration with France in Vietnam." Turning to the Middle East, Pineau tartly remarked that if France had been consulted about the Baghdad Pact it might perhaps have given some useful advice—an allusion to Glubb Pasha's humiliating expulsion from Jordan, which had just broken into the headlines.

¶ The West is losing popular support everywhere because it puts too much stress on the purely military aspects of security and too little on peace and economic development.

"We have made a great mistake in thinking that security problems were the only international problems with which we had to deal," Pineau said. "Between two forms of propaganda, the one conducted solely in military terms and aiming at security at any price and the other constantly reiterating offers of peace, public opinion will inevitably turn toward the one that proposes peace-

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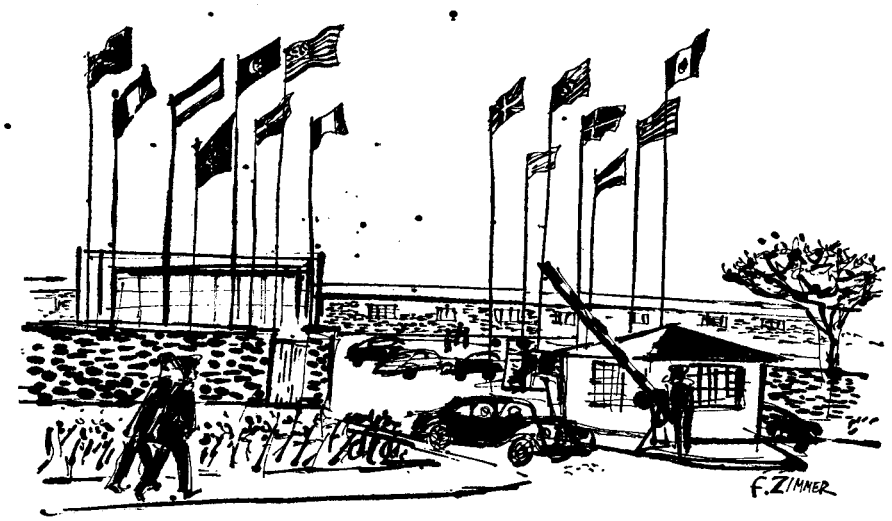
ful solutions, even if they are not sincere, and not to the one that is forever harping on military solutions."

A number of Pineau's listeners took the reference to "security at any price" as a slap at what many European critics of U.S. foreign policy denounce as Dulles's "pactomania"—his alleged penchant for girdling the world with interlocking military alliances that are inadequately supported by common economic or political interests. They were thinking in particular about the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO), and about the Baghdad Pact, which the United States has urged everyone else to join but has not joined itself. Pineau caustically inquired whether the recent SEATO naval maneuvers in the Gulf of Siam were likely to have a more favorable psychological impact in Asia than the promises of economic help lavished on the Asian nations by Khrushchev and Bulganin.

¶ If the Atlantic Alliance is allowed to split up or wither away, America's European allies will inevitably be driven into a go-it-alone policy of trying to make separate deals with Moscow.

Pineau did not say this in so many words—it would have sounded like crude diplomatic blackmail and he is not a crude person—but it seems a justifiable conclusion from some of the things he did say. While urging the revision of western policy generally in the direction of disarmament and coexistence, he stressed the particular bridging role that he feels should be played by France: "I shall systematically steer French policy toward cultural exchanges between East and West." He seemed to be suggesting a sort of "honest broker" role for France between Moscow and Washington. In discussing the problem of German reunification, Pineau remarked that "Neutralization does not have the same meaning within the framework of disarmament as within the framework of a policy of general rearmament." This is a long step away from the American position on Germany and toward the Soviet one. Its significance was emphasized by the Quai d'Orsay's announcement that Pineau and Premier Mollet would visit Moscow in May. Commenting on this trip, *Le Monde* suggested



that France might be able to trade French support of the Soviet position on Germany for orders from the Kremlin to Communist agents in France and Algeria to refrain from aggravating France's difficulties in North Africa.

Revive Article 2

The enthusiastic response to Pineau's talk in France and elsewhere throughout Europe suggests that in certain respects he was voicing the deep feelings and convictions of the European members of NATO generally. In addition to the specifically French grievances against the United States and Great Britain that Pineau put in the foreground of his talk, he expressed a recurrent protest against recent American leadership—or lack of it—in NATO that is prevalent on the Continent. In short, it was one more symptom of the widespread disaffection within the western alliance.

Pineau's warning about western disunity, revealing as it did the breakdown of normal diplomatic processes in settling interallied differences, seems to have caught Washington—and even London—by surprise. This surprise is hard to understand. There have been numerous expressions of European discontent with American leadership in NATO in recent months. President Giovanni Gronchi of Italy also criticized overemphasis on the military aspect of NATO during his recent visit to the United States. Though he was more polite than Pineau, he was also in some ways more explicit.

"The Atlantic Pact, as conceived and operated thus far, was appropriate and sufficient so long as there was the fear of imminent armed aggression," President Gronchi said in his address to the joint session of Congress. "However, it should be brought into line with today's realities . . . Military co-operation continues to be very important today but it should be supplemented with new and imaginative forms of co-operation."

Gronchi pleaded in particular for putting some life into Article 2 of the Atlantic Pact, which speaks of "promoting conditions of stability and well-being," and calls on member nations to "eliminate conflict in their international economic policies . . ."

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS before the Press Association lunch, I had heard essentially the same urgent warnings, voiced in off-the-record conversations in Paris with NATO diplomats. Some of them went so far as to predict the early breakup of the whole western security system unless the United States exerted leadership to eliminate the sources of tension within the alliance and to adapt it to the changing world situation.

"Who do we think we are fooling when we talk about an Atlantic Community?" a representative of one of the smaller and more disaffected NATO powers exclaimed during a recent talk with me. A few minutes later, I made a casual allusion to the new $5-million boomerang-shaped NATO permanent headquarters that is going up on the leafy border of the Bois de Boulogne, for completion in 1957. My interlocutor gave me a withering

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look. "Do you really think there will be any NATO left in 1957?" he asked.

Such extreme pessimism is by no means the rule in NATO circles, but talks with NATO officials and with the permanent representatives of the member states make it plain that the Organization is facing a crisis.

This crisis is dangerously complicated by the shaky domestic political situations revealed in the recent Greek and French elections. The Cyprus tragedy has made a mockery of NATO in the eastern Mediterranean. "A little more of this and NATO will have a new Greek-Turkish war, or even a Greek-British war, on its hands," one diplomat said to me.

Moreover, the Cyprus affair itself is only one aspect of the Middle Eastern imbroglio in which the United States, Britain, and France are all working at cross-purposes, arming each other's enemies and discrediting each other's friends. France has withdrawn the great majority of its NATO forces from the Continent for use in North Africa, leaving a gaping hole in the vital Central Command. At the same time, French bitterness against its NATO partners for failure to support the French position in North Africa is steadily growing, as evidenced by Pineau's speech. At a recent dinner sponsored by the French Association for the Atlantic Community, Daniel Mayer, one of the most important Socialist leaders, supported the demands of French nationalists that the principle of Atlantic solidarity be extended to Africa.

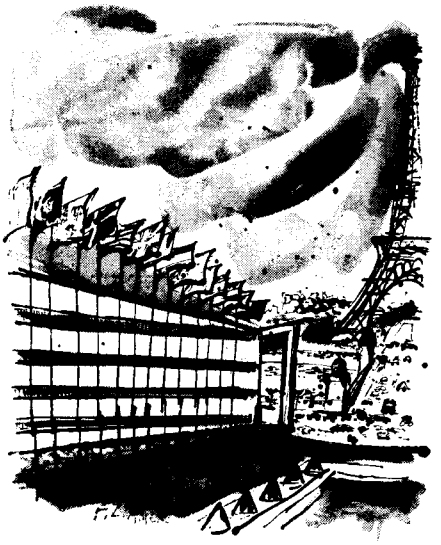
These apprehensions must have been somewhat allayed by U.S. Ambassador C. Douglas Dillon's recent statement of "whole-hearted support" for France in its search for "liberal solutions" in North Africa. But much more than pious statements will be needed to achieve effective Big Three solidarity on North Africa.

A New Emphasis

In the opinion of NATO's most far-sighted leaders the best hope of escaping from this dismal rut and giving NATO a positive mission that could arouse the enthusiasm and hold the loyalty of the European peoples is to concentrate from now on upon giving substance to Article 2.

"As a mere military alliance, it [NATO] will not survive the emergency and the fear of aggression which brought it into existence in the first place," declared Canadian Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Lester B. Pearson in an interview in *Le Monde* last December. "Irrespective of any relaxation or increase of tension, NATO should try to adapt its organization more and more to the requirements of the interdependence of its members in political and economic and social matters."

There was a quite new emphasis on the economic, political, and social aspects of NATO in the December meeting of the Atlantic Council. As



a result the Council finally instructed its permanent representatives to prepare for the next ministerial meeting in May a report on the problem of implementing Article 2.

There were no dissenting voices, but there was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm on the part of several members, including Britain and the United States.

"Dulles had the chance of a lifetime to prove that U.S. leadership means something besides rushing to the brink of war," a NATO economist remarked to me after the Council meeting, "but he passed it up."

DULLES indicated his reservations more explicity in a press conference in Washington on February 28—the very day President Gronchi was pleading to Congress for an imaginative economic program to be developed within the NATO framework.

"I think that the economic problems can be dealt with probably more effectively," said Mr. Dulles, "through organizations other than the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The membership of the North Atlantic Treaty was picked primarily, I would say, for strategic and military considerations and not for economic considerations."

This is the kind of talk that has helped implant in many European minds, perhaps unfairly, the idea that American foreign policy is essentially militaristic. Actually Mr. Dulles went on to explain that he favored economic co-operation. He merely felt that it could best be achieved by working at one level through the eighteen-nation Organization for European Economic Co-operation (OEEC)—a survival from the Marshall Plan era that includes neutral Sweden and Switzerland—and at another level through specialized supranational authorities like the Coal and Steel Community.

The flaw in this line of reasoning is that it overlooks the need for linking in the public mind the ideas of NATO and peaceful progress, of mutual defense and mutual aid for economic development. If NATO as an organization does not at least appear to sponsor or stimulate economic programs—whoever executes them—it will never lose its military taint. Moreover, NATO is the only organization for the whole North Atlantic area in which the United States participates with its European allies on an equal basis in the making of decisions. U.S. participation and commitment, in the political and economic as well as in the military fields, is necessary to build up the collective loyalty and discipline without which the Atlantic Alliance cannot hope to withstand the centrifugal strains that are now being felt. Dulles, however, has always betrayed a fear of commitment and responsibility, favoring a one-way internationalism that operates by alternately coaxing and bullying the European nations into closer co-operation—with each other.

Bureaucratic Wasteland

The argument that NATO itself cannot take any interest in economic development without undercutting

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OEEC and other specialized international organizations is often put forward, but it is hard to study the problem of NATO in any depth without coming to the conclusion that it is usually a disingenuous pretext for an inaction.

In the meantime the creative impulse that produced NATO is steadily dying out. Lack of imaginative leadership is seeping down through the entire organization, converting it into a wasteland of international bureaucracy.

'Little Europe'

NATO's stagnation apparently does not worry Secretary Dulles. As he confesses in his book *War or Peace,* Dulles was lukewarm toward the idea of NATO when it was first broached to him in 1948 by Secretary of State George Marshall and Under Secretary Robert Lovett, and there is no evidence that he has warmed up much since. His overriding interest, as far as European affairs is concerned, has always been in promoting the integration of the six-nation "Little Europe"—France, Italy, West Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg, which he regards as the "stout and dependable heart" of NATO. Dulles's obsession with European unity is the other great obstacle to the development of bold NATO economic programs. In the opinion of some NATO observers, the "Little Europe" tendency is not only distracting the interest, energy, and brain power needed to lay the foundations for an enduring Atlantic Community but in a political and psychological sense is actually undermining NATO by driving a wedge between "Little Europe" on the one hand and Britain and the Scandinavian nations on the other.

RESPONSIBLE European leaders like Pineau are not really neutralists, but they know that if NATO falls to pieces and the peoples of its member nations are left with no constructive goals, the only alternative is for Europe to go it alone on an increasingly neutralist course. This, they realize, would bring Europe in the end not just to neutrality but to Soviet domination.

No wonder our real friends in Europe are getting desperate.

New Coalitions In German Politics

JOHN MIDGLEY

DR. KONRAD ADENAUER, the eighty-year-old Chancellor on whom the western Allies have depended since 1949, has lost physical and political strength this winter. He never fully recovered from his illness in the fall. People at Bonn who formerly were in frequent contact with him but who now see him only occasionally—since he spends most of his time at home and his appearances in the daily political life of Bonn have become relatively rare—say that he is a changed man, very much older than a year ago, more tired, less capable of sustained alertness.

He is still in control of the government machine, his prestige in the country is still stupendous, and his is the name on which the Christian Democrats depend to win the federal elections next year. But there are indications that his awareness of the currents of thought and feeling that sway the parties has become somewhat blunted.

The Split with Dehler

That Dr. Adenauer's hitherto unequaled mastery of political tactics

has begun to falter may be seen in the way he handled his feud with Dr. Thomas Dehler, the rebellious leader of the Free Democratic Party, which until last month had been the chief partner of the Christian Democrats in the government coalition. Dr. Dehler has now gone into opposition, and the sixteen pro-Adenauer Free Democrats (including four Ministers) who have refused to follow him find themselves cut off from their party.

Adenauer's grudge against Dehler dates far back. Dehler was his Minister of Justice in the first coalition from 1949 to 1953, and at that time he often annoyed the Chancellor by his independent attitudes of mind and the rashness of his public utterances. When the coalition that is now falling apart was formed in 1953, no place in the Cabinet was found for Dr. Dehler. So far as anyone could judge, this suited him fine. He told his friends that now he would speak his mind freely whenever he chose. He had done it before, but he has done it more and more ever since. A point was reached last year at which Adenauer could endure it no longer. By then, however, Dehler had used his freedom from office to secure the leadership of the Free Democratic Party in place of the Vice-Chancellor, Herr Franz Blücher. A conflict with Dehler now meant a conflict with the official leadership of the second largest party in the government coalition.

The Free Democrats

The story of the Free Democratic Party is a tangled one. It might have been different if its former chairman, Professor Theodor Heuss, had not been elected Federal President in 1949. In West Germany the President is out of party politics. Since the Christian Democrats provided the first Chancellor when the Federal Republic was set up, the Free Democrats contributed the President and the Vice-Chancellor, Blücher, who also became chairman of the Free Democratic Party.

With the passage of time the Free Democrats became restless. Strong individualists to a man, they make bad followers. Identification with the Bonn government had made them,

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they felt, look like Adenauer's satellites, and they set out to establish a separate identity. They dropped Blücher at the beginning of 1954, and Dehler was put in his place. Blücher remained Vice-Chancellor, at first with his party's blessing but gradually enjoying less and less of its support. His own regional organization, in North Rhine-Westphalia, has become the most open and aggressive enemy of the Bonn coalition and Dehler's strongest support in his quarrel with the Chancellor.

The Free Democrats in general approve the Bonn government's home economic policies, which they have largely helped to form. They quarrel with the supposed clericalism of the régime; many of them are radicals in the Continental European sense, who traditionally are full of misgivings toward the Catholic Church and its influence on education. Adenauer's foreign policy leaves them dissatisfied, partly because of the old man's reliance on friendship with the other Catholic parties of western Europe, partly because of what they regard as its insufficiently "national" tinge. If they press for talks with Russia, it is not because of sympathy with Communism but because of a determination to seek unity by negotiating with the only world power that can offer unity.

The Saar Dispute

Adenauer's breach with Dehler became open and final a year ago,

when the Franco-German agreement on the Saar came up for ratification in the Bundestag. The Free Democrats came out against the agreement when it was signed, and most of them voted against the government when it came to be ratified. One of Dehler's friends, Dr. Max Becker, launched an intense, closely argued criticism, which stung Adenauer into making a harsh personal attack on Becker. Dehler waited two days and then delivered a long, bitter counterattack. By the time Dehler finished, half of his own party were on their feet imploring him to stop, and it was obvious to everyone that the coalition was in danger of breaking up.

Arduous efforts by conciliatory men in Adenauer's and Dehler's parties managed to patch up the crack for a few months. By November the Saarlanders had rejected the agreement anyway, and so the cause of the rift was removed. When the plebiscite was held Dr. Adenauer was in bed with pneumonia. He had caught cold driving to and from Luxembourg to meet the French Prime Minister, Edgar Faure, in a hopeless last-minute effort to make the agreement acceptable to the Saarlanders.

When Adenauer came back to his desk, it was clear that he had been thinking a lot about Dehler's insubordination. He wrote Dehler a stiff letter demanding guarantees of Free Democratic support for the rest of the parliamentary term and in the electoral campaign of 1957.

A meeting was arranged at which the Chancellor subjected Dehler to peremptory questions in the presence of State Secretary Hans Globke, two stenographers, and a tape recorder. He asked him about a speech in which Dehler had said the government ought to be taking more active steps to interest the Russians in the reunification of divided Germany.

PARALLEL with this quarrel, a parliamentary committee was discussing the system under which the next Bundestag will be elected. The Federal Republic has not succeeded in agreeing on a permanent electoral law, but has been passing temporary legislation from one parliamentary term to the next. The Free Democrats, as the third in size of the West German parties, run the risk of extinction if a law favoring a two-party system is brought in. Such a law had been presented by the Christian Democrats.

Both Dehler and his party were desperately worried. But the Social

Democratic opposition joined the Free Democrats in opposing the draft electoral law proposed by Adenauer's party. Recent state elections have made the Social Democrats reasonably sure that they can count on the support of something more than a third of the West German voters, but they do not have much hope of winning a parliamentary majority. This has set Social Democratic leader Erich Ollenhauer in search of allies. Dehler was quite available. Free Democratic support would not give Ollenhauer a majority over Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union in this parliament, but if the Social Democrats regain in 1957 some of their electoral losses of 1953, as they may reasonably expect to do, then a Socialist-Free Democratic coalition government may be possible.

The Socialist 'Conspiracy'

With this in mind, the Social Democrats and Free Democrats together began exploring the possibility of forming coalition governments in the states (Länder) that would enable them, if the Christian Democratic electoral law passed the Bundestag, to vote it down in the upper house of Parliament. The Federal Council is composed of delegates from state governments, who vote as their Cabinets tell them.

The Socialist-Free Democratic "conspiracy," as it has been called, yielded quick results at Düsseldorf, capital of North Rhine-Westphalia. In 1954 at Düsseldorf, Dr. Adenauer himself had insisted that the Christian Democrats form a coalition not with the Socialists, as they would have preferred, but with the Free Democrats. Now the Free Democrats went into alliance with the Socialists and prepared to overthrow North Rhine-Westphalia's Minister-President, an unexciting but sensi-

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ble and moderate man from the labor wing of the C.D.U., Karl Arnold. The Christian Democrats woke up to the danger and drew back. They accepted changes in their draft electoral law, restoring the system of proportional representation in a manner satisfactory to Dehler and his party.

Adenauer declared that he had never supported the original draft, to the discomfort of the men in his party who had pressed it with his knowledge and, as they believed, his approval.

The Chancellor's declaration proved to be a blunder. Another was his failure to secure from the Free Democrats, in return for his concession, any promise to give up their plan for a new coalition at Düsseldorf. They went on with the plan, declaring that it was too late to change.

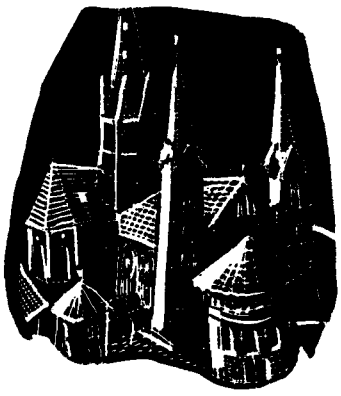
Herr Arnold was overthrown, and the state government of North Rhine-Westphalia passed into the hands of Fritz Steinhoff, a Social Democrat with a good anti-Nazi record. His speech on taking office read like a Declaration of Independence directed against "one-party rule" at Bonn.

The Ice Jam Breaks

It is not uncommon in West Germany for state governments to have a different complexion from the federal government, and if the change at Düsseldorf had occurred at a time when the Bonn coalition was stable, it would have passed without much comment. But this reversal was the shock that broke the ice jam of German politics. At the end of February, all but sixteen of the forty-nine Free Democratic members of the Bundestag withdrew or were expelled from the coalition at Bonn. The sixteen dissidents declared their disapproval of the events at Düsseldorf, their rejection of Dehler's leadership, and their readiness to stand by Adenauer's government. They included the four Free Democratic members of Adenauer's federal Cabinet.

After the dust settled, Dehler remained in possession of the party's leadership, a new impetus had been given to the drift of opinion in the country away from Adenauer's policies, and the Christian Democratic chances of remaining in power after the next election had become unpredictable.

So long as Dehler leads them and Adenauer is Chancellor, the Free Democrats are committed to opposition at Bonn. If opposition is one day to lead them into national coalition with the Socialists, then practically their choice is limited to two major lines on which the two parties, divided on so many things, can



agree: anti-clerical domestic policies and a foreign policy that calls in question Adenauer's major work, the Paris treaties and the one-sided link with the West. Dehler has put foreign policy first among the issues on which he intends to campaign against Adenauer. His party executive has not made its choice yet, and has shown its displeasure at the way he has taken a stand against Adenauer's foreign policy without consulting the men in control of the party apparatus. Before long it must either follow him or find a new leader.

His position was strengthened in March by the state election results in Baden-Württemberg, where the Free Democrats did better than Dehler's critics had expected. This vote has been taken in Germany to mean that neither Dehler's breach with Adenauer nor the breach of the Free Democratic Ministers with their party has lost the party any appreciable number of votes. Indeed, they have improved Dehler's chance of retaining the leadership.

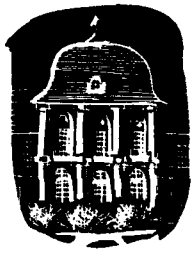
Dehler, who supported the western defense policy and defended the Paris treaties, now says that the treaties "made the Iron Curtain tighter"; that his support for them was conditional on a "more constructive" foreign policy; that German foreign policy was conducted up to 1954 on the basis of Allied, not German, concepts; and that the time has come for a national foreign policy, actively aimed at bringing about the reunification of Germany. He has come a long way to meet the Social Democrats.

The Soviet Mortgage

In the existing German climate it is inevitable that politicians in opposition should press for more active steps toward reunification. This is the overriding German national aim and if reunification is not to be attained by war it must involve dealing with the Russians. Such dealings are therefore an aspect not merely of foreign but also of German domestic policy—increasingly so as the Federal Republic, growing in self-confidence, claims with increasing determination that it represents not the territory of West Germany alone but all of Germany.

The truth is that all Germans, not merely the Socialists and Dr. Dehler, are put under the same moral and emotional pressure by the mortgage the Russians hold on a third of their country. Heinrich von Brentano, Adenauer's Foreign Minister, has said publicly several times that German reunification must be sought through talks with the Russians: To any German he is merely stating the obvious. What will be decisive for the West will be the form these "dealings" take. It is useless to hope that there will be none.

One thing is certain: German politics has become fluid. A parliamentary form of government has been set up at Bonn with the assistance and approval of the western powers. The equilibrium of political forces that prevailed at the beginning could not be expected to last forever. The western powers had better take note.



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'They Surely Can't Stop Us Now'

A Negro reporter's journey through the troubled South

WILLIAM DEMBY

THE SOUTH began with the first humiliation. This happened in a small town in Virginia, a charming town with shaded avenues and elegant mansions. We were about to go into a restaurant.

" 'Course now, you segregated and all that," Gabby said, "but they sure feed you good and man I been all up and down the line!"

He was a cocky little man with a waiter's birdlike gestures. The night before, as the bus droned over the highway, he had entertained us with rambling tales of race tracks and horses he had known, "all up and down the line." The four of us—Gabby, myself, and two young men in their early twenties who had just been released from prison—had somehow banded together, probably because we were the only Negroes on the bus. We followed Gabby over the gravel driveway to the flashing neon-lit façade. But instead of leading us toward a door marked "Colored" (there wasn't any and I began to hope that Gabby was mistaken about the restaurant being segregated; perhaps the "new law" was already in effect), he led us through the main door across the red linoleum floor and then through a swinging door that led straight into the kitchen. The Negro chef motioned us curtly toward a table near the sink. At any rate, the food was excellent—oysters with candied yams and turnip greens.

Forty minutes later when we boarded the bus again, it seemed to me that the white passengers, most of whom had been with us since New York, lowered their eyes as we made our way down the aisle. From now on we Negroes were of a different world.

Silent and morose, the two young men just released from prison slumped in the half darkness with their eyes shut while Gabby chattered on and on. As the bus pulled into Roanoke, his destination, Gabby went up to the driver's seat.

"Captain, sir," I heard him say, "you sure did drive that bus like nobody else I ever rid with. . . ."

A FEW HOURS later we entered Tennessee. At the first stop my two remaining companions got off to check their connections for Memphis. Ten minutes later they came back, both of them visibly agitated, both muttering curses.

"That lousy bastard! That lousy white bastard!" the taller one said.

"What happened?"

"Just because I got on these here prison-issue clothes that white bastard had to call me a nigger!"

"I *know* I ain't going to last long down here," the second boy said. "Just you wait and see if I don't end up killing me a white man yet!"

And that's how the South began.

Montgomery Bus Boycott

Several nights later after a brief visit at Fisk University—what a sheltered place is a Negro campus in the South, and how pleasant to talk about books and music while a white Citizens Council meeting is taking place three miles away!—I arrived in Montgomery.

On the train down from Nashville, the white headwaiter in the dining car insisted that I sit with my back to the other diners so that they wouldn't have to look at the color of my skin. My brother-in-law and sister, who were to have met me at the station, didn't appear immediately. They found me standing in front of the "White" waiting room unable to make up my mind whether or not I was permitted to go in. "Come on, you know what the new law is," my sister teased. "Why don't you go in and give it a try?"

Half an hour later, we were sitting in a night club where a boycott mass meeting had been held the night before. All around me I heard the excited whispers, the references to clandestine meetings, the jokes about the "white man on the run."

The Negroes' improvised transportation system had its headquarters in a drugstore. The druggist himself, a light-skinned man with a nervously cheerful manner, served as dispatcher for the car pool. He was standing at a table in the back room when I came in, frantically filling prescriptions while speaking alternately into two telephones attached to the headphones he wore.

"Hey there, honey," I heard him say, "how you-all getting along down there? Shootin' any marbles yet?. . . . Say you are? Well, you better send up here for some medicine. You don't want to be shootin' too many marbles down there now. . . ."

I learned later that he spoke in this minstrel dialect to confuse the police, who were thought to be tapping the line. "Shootin' marbles" was code for the number of people waiting for rides at a nearby parking lot which was the pickup point for outgoing passengers. Whenever too many passengers were standing around the parking lot some of them were sent to the drugstore to wait so that the police couldn't arrest them for blocking the sidewalk.

"The way they've been cracking down on us," he said, "we can't afford to take any chances."

In a short while a group of seven or eight people, most of them poorly dressed, trooped through the door and took places on the two benches just recently installed in the front of the drugstore for that purpose. Some of them began introducing themselves around and others bought magazines to read. The druggist had just ordered two hundred copies of the issue of *Life* that contained photographs of the boycott, including one of himself and his store.

"Now just be patient, ladies and gentlemen," the druggist said. "We're going to get you out of here in just a very few minutes."

About ten minutes later, a well-

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dressed man with a briefcase came in the door. "Got three places going west!" he called, and at once there was a rush for the door.

"Now wait a minute! Hold your horses!" the druggist yelled, poking his head through the partition windows like an exasperated schoolmaster. "He said *three* places, not ten. Now the rest of you just sit down and be patient. We're going to get you out of here just as soon as we can!

"You see what we're trying to do?" he said to me in a low voice as the men and women returned to the bench somewhat sheepishly. "We're educating these people so they'll learn to work together. That's what the boycott's for."

LATER that afternoon I met the lawyer for the Montgomery Improvement Association, a tall, boyish young man with a shy smile. "Yes, sir," the druggist said, fairly bursting with pride. "That boy's been out of school hardly fourteen months and he's slapped an injunction on the whole city of Montgomery!"

"That sure is right," said the druggist's mother, wiping her hands on her apron. "He's slapped an injunction on the whole city of Montgomery, and you *know* that's made them mad."

"Well, anyway, they've got me reporting before my draft board," the lawyer said.

"Oh, they're going to try everything," the druggist's mother said.

"Well, let them try," said the druggist. "They can't stop us now."

"That's right, son," the druggist's mother said, patting the lawyer on the back. "They surely can't stop us now."

City and Country

In the larger cities there are interracial organizations and universities to inspire the articulate Negro middle class, and there is also the bargaining power of the vote. But in the small towns, usually a stone's throw away from the big plantations, where the economic roots of the race problem are painfully exposed, the burden of creating understanding and enlightenment falls on the shoulders of individuals.

It is in rural areas that the problem of desegregation seems most hopeless. As a rule the educated middle class is a small minority surrounded by vast numbers of sharecroppers to whom doctors, druggists, undertakers, and sometimes even ministers of their own race seem like exploiters. Indeed, when white opponents of desegregation claim that "most Negroes" have no desire to attend integrated schools, that they just aren't interested in desegregation, they are not far from the truth—if they are referring to Negro sharecroppers who inhabit the ghostly stretches of pine woods and bedraggled cotton patches.

One senses this on a Saturday morning, when the "country darkies" come to town. Toward the middle-class Negro elite—a doctor, a druggist, an insurance agent—they are almost as obsequious as they are with white people. But the Negro sharecropper doesn't trust the middle-class professional man of the town,

nor does the middle-class professional man entirely trust the sharecropper. He despises him for his lack of education and "polish" and will cruelly mock his folkways—a continuation of the long and painful dialogue between the "house nigger" and the "field nigger" of slave days.

What Southern white people have been slow to understand is that the agitation for desegregation does not come from the North at all; it comes from the Negro middle-class minority in their own back yards. How can a Negro doctor with an income of more than five hundred dollars a week continue to accept the humiliations of everyday life that make a mockery of the status he has managed to acquire? He owns a ranch-style home and a Cadillac, yet his treatment in his own community doesn't differ substantially from that of the poorest sharecropper.

THOSE individual Negroes who fight segregation on purely moral grounds usually earn the contempt of both the white and Negro middle class. Such a man is the Reverend Mr. B., pastor of a Presbyterian church in the county seat of a predominantly Negro county noted for its tense relationship between the races. Before meeting him I had talked to many people in the town. I had heard the wife of a Negro insurance agent describe for me the day a white—and rival—insurance agent had burst into her husband's office screaming with drunken hysteria, "I hate you niggers! I hate all niggers! I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" ("But don't you worry," she had added, "we've got five shotguns. All we need now is a pistol for here downstairs.") I had heard about a wave of mysterious entries into homes where white women were sleeping alone; of how Negroes were subsequently ordered off the streets by eleven o'clock; of a white man found dead, his face painted black, and buried secretly; of a sheriff who committed suicide under strange circumstances having to do with various attempted rapes; and of the mysterious deaths of two other men renowned in the county for their cruelty to Negroes, which prompted superstitious people in the town to speak of "divine intervention"; of maids spitting in white folks' food; of a plantation owner who refused to allow a young sharecropper to buy a late-model Mercury because "No nigger has a right to a car that big."

On the other hand, I had heard rumors to the effect that the minister was a "white man's nigger" and even that he was a "spy" for the white Citizens Council. I had heard from a doctor in the town that because of the rumors going around about him he had been on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

The Reverend Mr. B.

He offered to take me for a ride out into the countryside where he had to inspect three boarding schools, mission schools supported

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by the National Board of his church. I liked him right away. Heavy-set, jolly, and earthy in speech, he was nevertheless very much in earnest about his work. He was well educated. He had recently turned down an offer to become president of a prominent Negro college; he wanted to continue his work in the town. Although his denomination was not particularly popular with Negroes in that region, his influence in the countryside was considerable. This was partly because of the boarding schools which, years ago, when the public schools were woefully inadequate, had been considered among the most progressive in the state, and partly because of the clothing the Northern branch of his church sent to be distributed among the poor of his parish.

He spoke at length about the economic plight of the Negro under the plantation system. A man who obviously liked food himself, he was particularly upset about the diet of sharecropper children, who live primarily on salt pork and okra, and as a consequence suffer from malnutrition. He pointed out plantations owned by Negroes where the sharecropper families were exploited as badly, if not worse, as they were on white plantations. And he showed me vast holdings of land that had previously been planted with cotton but were now used as cattle ranches.

"And yet," he said, "you can't get these people away from the land. They love it. They've got roots here and here they want to be buried.

"What we need here in the South," he went on, "is a really educated ministry that will live here among the people. We need men trained in social work, not these jackleg preachers who live there in town and show up in these little old crossroad churches on Sunday just in time to pick up the collection."

On our way back to town, while driving through a lovely section of stately mansions where Negroes weren't allowed on the streets after dark, we began to talk about the problem of desegregation.

"You've seen yourself how things are around here," he said. "We just can't change this thing overnight. These people have been living too long under the plantation system

and it's going to take years before they get over the plantation way of thinking. The N.A.A.C.P.'s doing a wonderful job. It is one of the best weapons we've got, and white folks respect its power. Still, just because the law's on our side there's no use thinking that things are going to change overnight, because they won't. Right now, looks like everybody's gone crazy around here, white and colored alike. Nobody trusts anybody, nobody's ready to sit down and talk things through. Now you take me, for instance—just because I'm not ashamed to go to the white man and talk things over, people are going around calling me a white folks' nigger.

"Well," he said as we entered the back door of a gas-station lunchroom for a cup of coffee, "I guess some day things will get better. But right now I'm telling you they sure are a mess."

Faith in the N.A.A.C.P.

A week or so later I was talking to a Negro leader in a medium-size town in Mississippi who expressed the same ideas, though not exactly in the same way.

"Our problem," he said, "is getting people to vote. We had a little trouble at first when we first went up to register and a couple of white fellows tried to get tough with me. But now we got about eight hundred registered. Even so, we still have to keep after our folks to get out and vote. Some of them are just too lazy to get out and go to the polls. Last year the colored vote was able to elect a certain white fellow for circuit clerk and those politicians up there at the courthouse haven't gotten over it yet. And that's what I keep telling everybody: 'If you don't own property and don't vote, the white man isn't going to respect you, and until the white man respects colored people because they got something he wants, things just aren't going to get any better in a thousand years.' "

On a tour of the town we stopped at the Negro high school, where he introduced me to the principal, a good-looking woman in her late thirties. Obviously proud of her school, she showed me photographs of a dance she had held for her students a few days before at which they practiced the social graces: how to ask a girl to dance, how to make conversation, how to escort her to her place when the dance was over. Later the principal described for me her method of teaching good citizenship to the pupils by organizing the school into a city government with a mayor, chief of police, and city council.

Usually these Negro high schools in the South are dreary places with bored, uninspired teachers, completely demoralized by the segregated system and the low caliber of their students. But this woman, unlike some Negro principals I encountered, wasn't content to sit back and hope that by some miracle things would change. "Some of our students come from very grim backgrounds," she told me, "and we're trying our best to have them ready when integration finally comes through."

Under segregation, especially these days, many white school boards try to make certain that the principal of a Negro school doesn't harbor any "wrong ideas." In exchange, they make the principal into a czar, giving him not only absolute power over the teachers under him but sometimes control over the school finances as well. As a result many teachers become disheartened and their attitude is passed on to a whole generation of students.

Strangely enough, there was practically no racial tension in that town. One reason may have been that for several generations Negroes and whites had lived side by side. The town had been practically destroyed

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during the Civil War, and when it was rebuilt Negroes and whites had built their homes wherever they could. There was no Negro ghetto to be maintained.

But the poverty there was surely the worst I saw. Going around with my host on his "calls"—he was, among many other things, an amateur social worker—I entered one tiny cabin without windows where eleven diseased children lived, one hideously deformed, another pregnant. In another cabin within the town limits I talked with a tubercular woman who had to sleep with her four children on a single bed in a room barely large enough to turn around in and with a gaping hole in the floor. Another woman called us over to ask how she could get a court order to compel a young man ("And he got him a good job too") to marry her thirteen-year-old daughter, pregnant for the second time.

'You're Living in the South'

Besides serving as a member of the legal redress committee of the N.A.A.C.P., my host was chairman of the Negro Community Council, a local organization formed to meet the problems of desegregation. When one of the members of the council complained that a white man had called him "boy" when he went to buy a suit in a local department store, a delegation went to call on the manager of the store.

"Now, sir," they told him, "one of our members here has complained that your clerk called him 'boy.' Now all we want to know is whether or not this is your usual policy. It's all right with us if it is, but we just want to know for future reference."

From that day on Negro customers were treated with marked courtesy. Of such small triumphs, my host felt, progress is made.

I asked him what he thought would happen to the good race relations in his Mississippi town when the local branch of the N.A.A.C.P. presented a petition for the integration of schools.

"Oh, we're going to do it," he said. "Sooner or latter we've got to face it. In fact I was telling the mayor the other day—I said, 'Mayor, sir, one of these days we're going to turn in a petition, and there isn't any use you folks getting excited about it and stirring up a lot of trouble.'"

"But what if trouble *does* come?" I asked.

For the first time that day his buoyant optimism faltered.

"Well, you can't be mixed up in this business these days and be afraid to suffer for what you believe in."

Many Negroes find the loneliness and isolation of the rural South almost unbearable. Harold, as I shall call him—a tall, dark-skinned youth with the relaxed grace of a basketball player—is on his first teaching assignment in just such a place in a crossroad gin-mill town in southern Georgia. It is a place where Negro workers loitering at the bus stop in front of the corner drugstore still address white men as "Boss Man" and "Captain, sir." There is

nothing to do in that town. Because Harold is a teacher he cannot go to the beer garden in the back room of a filling station half a mile up the road. On weekends he sometimes rides to Macon or Atlanta, but on weekdays there is nothing to do in the evenings except watch television shows or read. The night I arrived he had already retired at seven o'clock.

His high school, built two years ago when the state got around to "equalizing" educational conditions for Negroes, is a starkly modern building set on the edge of a pine forest. Its modernistic lines and glass-brick sides give no indication of the backward conditions within. When Harold wanted to give substance to his civics lessons by taking those of his students who were old enough to vote down to register, the principal told him to let well enough alone. The principal is dead set against desegregation. Indeed, to make certain that his teachers hold no "wrong ideas" he refuses to hire anyone educated farther north than North Carolina, and he has forbidden the entire staff to have anything to do with the N.A.A.C.P. During Negro History Week Harold was telling one of his classes about the long history of the N.A.A.C.P. Before beginning, however, he had to be careful to close the classroom door lest the principal overhear. Everywhere I went I found great respect for the N.A.A.C.P. among all types of Negroes, although in many communities I was told that it was difficult to find a man brave enough to serve as local president.

The summer Harold finished college he attended a youth conference in a Quaker camp in Pennsylvania. It was the first time in his life he had ever had contact on a social level with white people of his own age. As a souvenir of that summer at the Quaker camp, which he remembers as one of the happiest experiences in his life, he brought back a photograph in which he appears with a number of white students, among them two or three girls. He showed this photograph to one of his colleagues, who urged Harold to keep it to himself.

"It's all right to *have* such a photograph," his friend said. "But after all, you're living in the South."

ON MY WAY North I stopped in Winston-Salem, where I visited an old woman who had been born a slave. She had celebrated her ninety-fifth birthday the day before and her daughter-in-law served me a piece of left-over birthday cake. While I was eating it the old woman seemed to ignore me, though from time to time she would look away from the television set to cast a quick glance in my direction. Finally she took a deep breath and spoke.

"How far you come from?" she asked.

I told her I had come from New York.

"Where from you say?" she snapped.

"From New York."

"Don't you be telling me no fibs like that," she said indignantly. "I know where you come from. You come from right over there in Smithsville, down yonder from the big house."

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How Kefauver Made It in Minnesota

PATRICK O'DONOVAN

THE southwest of Minnesota has that special quality of effortless size which is somehow special to America. It seems, too, a place whose reserves of wealth and strength have never been fully tested or extended. There is a calmness, an orderliness, a shrinking from ostentation, and a masculine sort of virtue that northern countries like to arrogate to themselves.

Here is a plain that slopes into low, uncovered hills. It stretches to the skyline and then begins again unchanged. You can drive for hours down the roads slashed across its contours and there is no real change in the landscape or the architecture.

Its first surveyors divided it into precise squares. Now each square has its wooden farmhouse, trim and small. Near the house are usually a barn, a silo, a fuel-oil tank, and a few trees. They sit lightly on the ground as if their stay were to be temporary, almost as if they were camping in a corner of the field. Repeated thousands of times, they become as astonishing as a great city built heavily on rock.

Tired but Friendly

During the recent primary in Minnesota, this area was cultivated by both Mr. Stevenson and Senator Kefauver. On the day New Hampshire went to the polls, Kefauver flew here to an airstrip on the edge of a town named Marshall.

It was early in the morning. The fields were covered with a hard crust of snow; the wind blew painfully; no one moved in the fields or around the houses. A few cars stood waiting, and standing by itself was the newest phenomenon in American politics—the Glow Wagon—just arrived from New Hampshire. It is a converted truck, a traveling billboard with colored electric lights and neon tubes. The Glow Wagon played a vague march tune to itself as it waited. Posters on its back and sides read: "Kefauver—the man who can win." A tall photograph of the Senator's face set in a nest of lights gazed with a gentle warmth out across the snow and the emptiness.

MR. KEFAUVER was an hour late. His light plane skittered down the runway and stopped by the cars. He had had little sleep and must have missed a remarkable number of meals. None of this showed. After a quick huddle, the entourage scattered to the cars and drove into the town of Marshall.

Kefauver was accompanied by a supporter in Congress, a campaign adviser, his assistant in the Senate, a secretary, and a Minneapolis man who had arranged this tour. His local supporters seemed unorganized, well-to-do people who were at once tentative and defiant in their loyalty to him. It was as if they were taking a stab at something original and rather daring. They made no effort to conceal their anxiety. Stevenson's meeting here had drawn two thousand.

They drove up Main Street, the Glow Wagon erupting exhortations and music. Marshall is a small town; it is as clean and neat as an operating room, all bright new brick and fresh-painted wood and shining glass.

Main Street was empty. A storekeeper or two peered through a window. The advisers were depressed. The procession turned a corner. There was a sudden crowding of parked cars. A line of men stood in front of a shop. Kefauver went quickly and naturally up to them. He shook their hands with a calm, reflective geniality, listening with respect to their embarrassed greetings.

This was not glad-handing. They watched him come as if they were ready to resist a sale, and he gently netted them. They were smiling as he walked away and murmuring their pleasure to one another, and they turned and followed him into the movie house.

Kefauver, still smiling and relaxed and still shaking hands as if he were among friends who were taking him to some simple but sincere celebration they had organized to show their affection, was swept into the theater with a crowd of late arrivals. There were nearly two thousand inside. They sat with the rustle of silk in their heavy windproof clothing. Kefauver sat on the stage while the mayor introduced him. Then Mrs. Coya Knutson, a U.S. Representative who alone among the Democratic leaders of the state had chosen Kefauver, got up. She too was brief, but she planted the thought that Kefauver had not been well treated by his fellow Democrats in the state. She gilded him lightly with a trace of martyrdom.

THERE WERE no loudspeakers, and the audience shouted at Kefauver to speak up. He stood holding the lectern looking out over the voters. He might have been a headmaster come to congratulate his school on an athletic victory. His accent was rich and slow where theirs was metallic and quick. Somehow he managed to convey the impression that he liked Northern farmers and their families. He

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seemed at home, but they watched him carefully.

He made no attempt to entertain or surprise them, or even to tell them something new. He thanked the mayor and he thanked the audience for coming. He spoke slowly, almost haltingly. He said he was running for President, but mentioned it humbly as incidental to his purpose. He spoke sadly but without rancor of the difficulties his candidacy had met in Minnesota.

Then he began to talk about their farms. Most of the time he merely stated their difficulties. He pulled out a clipping that told about a farm-implement factory in Minneapolis forced to close down for want of customers. He talked about young men leaving their land to go South and about the debts that burdened their fathers. He unrolled a copy of *U.S. News & World Report* —"which is not a Democratic paper" —and began to read some statistics from a fancy color spread. He got mixed up as he read and had to start again and reread his facts. All quite calmly. At the end he declared his support for a farm-price-support program that would be rigid and graduated to meet the difference between small private farms and large corporate ones.

They clapped, hardly more than politely, when he finished. But they were pleased and less serious as they pushed out into the cold. You got the clear impression that they had tried the Senator and found him to their taste and that they intended to vote for him. They liked the man.

On to Granite Falls

But this was only the cold start of the Senator's tour. Being late, we huddled quickly into the cars and raced between the frozen fields to the next town, Granite Falls. The Senator sat with the local press. He had insisted on that.

All the people who worked with the Senator seemed moved by a pleasurable indignation over the way he was being treated in Minnesota. Certainly, professionals and amateurs, they had identified themselves with his cause, but they did not seem to regard the man himself as a hero. There was none of that contented submission, that abandonment to uncritical personal loyalty which you can find, say, in the White House staff or in court circles in Britain. They were working themselves silly for him and some of them were risking a part of their careers, but I thought that they were still judging him, still uncertain of his final effectiveness and still surprised and delighted anew each time he won a local success.

The Glow Wagon had gone ahead to bring its message. A large part of Granite Falls was crowded into the high-school auditorium. Once again there was the air of solid, respectable, and well-spread wealth.

Here the preparations were more elaborate. The stage was brightly lighted and there were microphones. The high-school band had just finished a tune as the Senator came in, and its members sat listening and proud with their instruments in their hands. Local dignitaries sat in rows on one side of the stage. Again the lady Representative spoke of the Senator without extravagant praise, hardly doing more than note his courage and his singular consistency about the farm program. Once again there was the hint of martyrdom.

THE SENATOR took up this line rather more strongly this time. He spoke of his good friends Governor Freeman and Senator Humphrey —"Orville and Hubert"—but he said that he had once before been faced with the opposition of powerful men —Boss Crump of Memphis—and had won out in the end. He did not press the point.

For a stranger, it was not easy to discover precisely where his grievance lay. I met a woman in a dusty Kefauver office in Minneapolis who said her colleagues were trying to force her off a local Democratic committee because she was for Kefauver. She complained that Kefauver supporters had been refused access to the party's mailing lists. There was a suggestion that the state leaders had somehow railroaded the electorate in choosing Stevenson and putting the party machine behind him. In a state where people make up their own minds, where a football-team sort of loyalty to a party is not in fashion, where any hint of undue authority is quietly and effectively resented, it may have been an important point to make.

HE SPOKE more easily now. He quoted *U.S. News & World Report* without faltering. He won his audience finally when he insisted on being asked questions. He maintained an even geniality which had nothing in common with the usual ponderous joviality of a politician asking for votes. He promised little except to do his best. He gave the impression of a man without guile or vanity, who accepted this periodic submission to the humiliation and discomforts of electioneering not as a duty but as a pleasure and a privilege. He listens brilliantly.

The crowd thickened around the door when he finished. It took Kefauver a quarter hour to leave and he spent it shaking hands, asking how things were, apparently enjoying himself immensely. The crowd was more important than the candidate. I heard several walking away and comparing it with a Stevenson meeting, where such things had not happened.

Kefauver was unhurried and at their disposal. The advisers, waiting at the cars for him to emerge, made no effort to take him away, counting the time well spent. Again you felt that an audience had been converted by a meeting. Kefauver had pitched the election as a straight popularity contest between himself and Stevenson, with no other complications. He hardly mentioned the Republicans in that part of Minnesota. He asked for nothing except friendship, though that perhaps included a vote.

IN MINNESOTA, his ambitions seemed suddenly more practical than they had in Washington. If he could meet all the people in the United States only for a second or two he might well end up President. He has the rare faculty for conveying in public the warmth of conviction that others can only give in private. He makes people feel that they are liked, and people certainly like to be liked.

The cars started again at last. The advisers, noticeably more cheerful, sat crouched over their radios, listening to accounts of the New Hampshire voting. They reminded each other to leave plenty of time for handshaking in future schedules. And preceded by the Glow Wagon, we raced on across the plain to other towns and to crowds of new friends.

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The Implacable Independence Of Frank J. Lausche

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

FRANK J. LAUSCHE, the Governor of Ohio, is a tall, slightly stooping figure with a quick smile on his face and a cascade of unassailable truisms on his tongue. And he holds the State of Ohio—eight million people—in the hollow of his hand. This he has done for nearly a decade, despite the ebb and flow of his own party's fortunes. He is a political Canute, for when he commands the onrushing Republican tide to stop, it stops—at least so far as he himself is concerned. Just how he does this, as a Democrat, is a secret formula, compounded of great personal charm and a shrewd awareness of the voters' growing preference for political independence.

This is one important reason why Lausche will be in the select company of dark horses tethered outside the convention hall at Chicago when the Democrats convene to choose their nominees. For without consciously trying, Mr. Eisenhower has given new fluidity to American party loyalties. The Republican who appeals to Democrats and the Democrat who appeals to Republicans can no longer be despised by the party bosses.

And nowhere in America, now that Earl Warren sits in a privileged sanctuary outside the party system, can one find a major political figure with a more impressive record than Lausche for tapping both parties simultaneously for votes—always excepting Dwight D. Eisenhower.

LAUSCHE practices his brand of independent politics with the same single-minded devotion that his fellow Ohioan Senator Taft used to bring to an all-embracing Republicanism. And this turns up some fascinating paradoxes in Ohio politics. Not long ago a municipal judgeship became vacant in Butler County. The county Democratic leader had a candidate in readiness. But he knew it would be folly for *him* to recommend his man to the Governor, since Lausche rarely asks and never takes the advice of local leaders of his own party.

Knowing this, the Butler County boss and some fellow conspirators invited several leading Republican members of the local bar for a convivial evening. After abundant drinks had bridged the partisan gap, the Democratic boss brought out a letter to Lausche, prepared in advance, urging the appointment of his candidate. The party spirit had been dissolved by other, more potent spirits, and the Republican lawyers all signed with gusto. The appointment came through from the Governor's office in twenty-four hours.

Lausche was outwitted, one may say. But he was the winner, nevertheless. For he pleased almost everybody—the appointee: the Butler County boss, who got what he wanted; a group of influential Republicans, who were flattered by the Governor's prompt acceptance of their advice; and various other Republicans, who soon heard of this new instance of the Governor's broad-mindedness.

Lausche's pre-convention role is a curious one. He is giving up the governorship after five terms and seeking the seat in the U.S. Senate now held by Republican George Bender. He is certain of nomination, fairly certain of election. Yet he is also the favorite-son Presidential candidate of Ohio's fifty-eight-vote delegation—although he is not himself a delegate and may not even go to the convention. (He has attended only one national convention, that of 1948, and then was merely a visitor and stayed but two hours.)

It seems most likely that Lausche's influence at Chicago will be used ultimately in the interest of Adlai E. Stevenson's nomination; the two have a long-standing friendship and mutual respect—bridging a vast chasm of ideology, taste, and temperament. There is no sign of affection for Kefauver or Harriman in Lausche's past record or present posture. In all likelihood, only some conflicting transaction entailing a truly golden opportunity for Frank Lausche could deprive Stevenson of the Ohio vote, or most of it.

The Opposition Loves Him

And yet a minor Lausche boom goes on. Plugs for Lausche came thick and fast in 1955, but mostly from sources of dubious value at a Democratic convention. In March, Fulton Lewis, Jr., found time for a eulogy. By summer, Governor Robert Kennon of Louisiana, who had walked out on Stevenson in 1952, was singing Lausche's praises. Soon Governor Allan Shivers of Texas joined the chorus. Then in quick succession came words of praise from Governors George N. Craig of Indiana, Theodore McKeldin of Maryland, and Arthur B. Langlie of Washington, all Republicans. Most dubious of all was the accolade of Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah—the kiss of death, as some described it.

This sort of backing was cogently summarized by a CIO-PAC newsletter. Lausche, it sourly observed, was backed by six governors: two Dixiecrats and four Republicans—"hardly a quorum in a Democratic nominating convention."

There was press support also: Raymond Moley in *Newsweek*, David Lawrence in *U.S. News & World Report*, a cover story in *Time*, and a friendly yarn in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The nearest thing to an authentic boomlet from within the party came when Senators John L. McClellan of Arkansas and Richard Russell of Georgia spoke up. Russell's good opinion especially is not to be depreciated, for he commanded 294 votes in the 1952 convention and then went on to help Georgia produce the largest majority for Stevenson of any state in the Union. Russell is no Dixiecrat.

Behind this national interest in Lausche, quite aside from his conservatism, is his amazing record of winning elections against odds. The statistics of his victories in Ohio are far more eloquent than his speeches. In his first bid for the governorship,

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in 1944, he defeated James Garfield Stewart, then Mayor of Cincinnati, by 112,000 votes. The same day, Franklin D. Roosevelt, even amid optimistic war news, lost Ohio. Lausche lost in 1946 when hostile party leaders ganged up on him in Cuyahoga County. But he came back in 1948 to claim the nomination in a bitter primary battle against the party bosses, and then won election by 221,000 votes. Harry S. Truman carried Ohio at the same time—by just 7,107 votes. At that point, Mr. Truman might well have thanked Lausche for saving Ohio for the national ticket. But the record does not show that he did so. The reason may have been that Lausche mentioned Truman's name favorably in public only once during the campaign. However great the Ohio governor's help to Truman that year, it was not premeditated.

In 1950 Robert A. Taft held the spotlight. But Lausche won the governorship again by 152,000 votes, far ahead of his ticket. In 1952 he swamped Charles P. Taft, liberal-minded brother of Mr. Republican, by 425,000 votes. This he did while Eisenhower was rolling up a plurality of 500,000 votes in Ohio. In 1954 Ohio's perennial governor was elected to an unprecedented fifth term.

At SIXTY, Lausche is an arresting although not handsome man with an unruly shock of black but graying hair. He has a ready smile and the equally important trait of focusing his friendliness intently on the person he is addressing. When Lausche says "I'm glad to meet you," he looks right at you and makes you feel that he is paying more attention to you than he does to thousands of others he meets. He is genuinely fond of people of many sorts, and listens intently to what they have to say. For a man with the ego that is normal to the successful politician, he is a singularly good listener. Also, he is given to calling people on the phone, on the slightest pretext or none, to ask their advice. More often than not, he doesn't take it; but he leaves a lot of people flattered and friendly—people who can help him.

If you know he is the son of Slovenian immigrants (his mother's maiden name was Milavec), you can see their nationality traits in his face. If you don't know this, he looks much like any other American of his age and weight. Lausche was born November 14, 1895, in a smoky industrial section of Cleveland—to the poverty expected of most Presidential aspirants. He was one of ten children. His first job as a boy did not quite fit the American free-enterprise pattern. He went to work for the city, lighting the gas street lamps in his neighborhood. But his salary did fit the Presidential legend: It was two dollars a week.

After high school young Lausche played professional baseball for a few years and seemed to have found a promising career. But on his family's advice he turned his back on a good living at baseball to study law at John Marshall Law School. He began the practice of law at twenty-five. Three decades later, in 1953, he had to face the temptation of professional baseball once more. This time it was the sedentary job of Baseball Commissioner, at $65,000 a year or maybe $75,000. Again he turned his back on baseball, to stay on as Governor of Ohio at $20,000 (plus house, plus servants, plus food, plus cars, to be sure).

Lausche has often said he wants "to return to the peace and quiet of private life." Newsmen have learned to pay little attention to such remarks, for the record shows that the public service has always had and still has an irresistible gravitational pull on him. He ran for the lower house of the legislature at twenty-seven, only two years out of law school. Defeated, he ran for the state senate at twenty-nine. Defeated again, he decided to build a firmer foundation for his ambitions, and applied himself to ward politics in the treacherous jungle of Cleveland's foreign-language districts. Cleveland is normally Democratic, but the real politics of the city pivots on the manipulation of Polish, Czech, Magyar, Slovenian, and other nationality groups. In this rough school, Lausche learned how to handle self-conscious minority groups of voters, pleasing all and offending none, a talent that has never left him.

Finally he was appointed a municipal judge, and soon after was elected to that office, in 1932. In 1935 he was elected to the Common Pleas bench of Cuyahoga County, and in 1941 to the mayoralty of Cleveland. He was re-elected mayor in 1943 with seventy-one per cent of the total vote. That landslide set the stage for his rise to the governorship a year later. He was Ohio's first governor of foreign-born parents, and also Ohio's first Roman Catholic governor.

For Mother, Against Lobbies

Success has certainly not changed Lausche's living habits. He and his wife Jane, who is quiet, tactful, and very likable, live in as much simplicity as the Governor's Mansion allows. Lausche almost never chooses his own clothes, which are matter of complete indifference to him. Jane does all that. The Governor rides by preference in a Ford, although more luxurious cars are available. All this may be political wisdom, but at any rate Lausche seems to have it by instinct.

Lausche's main recreation is golf, which he plays in the middle seventies. Surprisingly enough, details of his golf games rarely appear in the papers. Publicity about Governor Lausche is publicity about his public service, not his personal affairs or avocations. He reads a good deal, and he plays the violin—not particularly well, and solely for his own pleasure.

He is a prodigious worker. He goes to bed early—anywhere from eight-thirty to ten when official duties do not prevent—and rises early. The governorship is a seven-days-a-week job in Lausche's hands. He hardly ever takes a vacation.

On the platform, as in personal contacts, Lausche achieves effortless contact with his listeners. His oratory is flowery, somewhat in the 1910 Fourth-of-July tradition. There is only as much corn content as a more sophisticated generation will take, but it's certainly there.

"Good friends, I am not asking you to vote for me," he said at Waverly in the fall of 1950, "but vote in a manner which will best serve your country and state. When you go to the polls, listen to the voices of fallen Americans saying to you: 'We are young men who have died so that you might vote; vote

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for the best interests of the country.' "

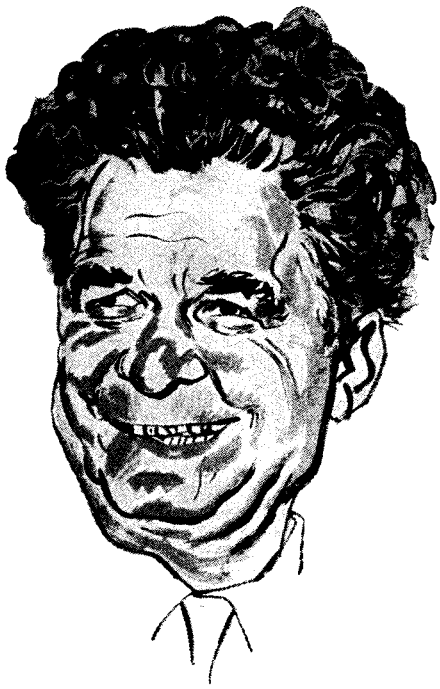
Favorite targets of Lausche are lobbyists and gamblers. "Government," he likes to say, without naming any specific malefactors, "should not become the property of the business tycoon or the labor leaders." As to gambling racketeers, "If they aren't run out of business, they will drive the little businessman out of business." Despite his big-city apprenticeship, he has no trouble in talking to small-town Americans as one of them.

Oratory is by no means the whole story, however. Lausche defied the county bosses of his party in early primary fights. He doesn't have to defy them any more. He merely ignores them, holding his posture of independence. This has embittered and alienated Democratic leaders and precinct workers of the party, but it pays off on Election Day.

FOR NO well-defined reason, Ohio is a conservative state. It has not produced even one left-of-Center political leader of national stature in forty years, and in that time it has sent a succession of Hardings, Brickers, and Tafts on to the national stage. Ohio's Cabinet members of late have been Charles Sawyer, who occupied a position on the extreme right wing of Mr. Truman's official family, and George M. Humphrey.

So while Lausche is a Democrat, the safest way to public office in Cuyahoga County, he is also a conservative, the safest way to public office in the state. His first notable decision as a judge was one against "picketing by strangers." Lausche has been considered anti-labor ever since. Ohio labor leaders have no use for him, but he polls a good vote in precincts heavily populated by union labor. He makes the most of the fact that organized labor has not been nearly as effective a political force in Ohio as in many other industrial states.

Another Lausche device is to get himself recorded on both sides of debatable issues. Ohio for some years had its own little Un-American Activities Committee, now defunct. The Governor backed it rather generally, but also vetoed the bill that was its principal end product. Something for everybody.



But Lausche does not always dodge contentious issues. Now and then, as with a new axle-mile tax on commercial trucks, he goes in swinging and makes an all-out fight. It is always against an obvious and powerful lobby. When he makes up his mind to take the risk of a strong position, he does it with all the stops out. Thus he gets full credit for the political courage of which he has an abundance in reserve behind his customary discretion.

Will He or Won't He?

In a state of eight million people, the gladdest of glad hands cannot shake enough of the hands that mark ballots to ensure victory. Publicity by mass media is essential. And Lausche knows instinctively how to get it. Being pleasant and accessible to newspapermen is only the beginning.

When the voters of Ohio were going down the line for Robert A. Taft in 1950 in his easy victory over the nominal opposition of "Jumping Joe" Ferguson, Lausche by studied silence and evasive hints created the widespread assumption that deep down in his heart he was for Taft. With the patience of a chess player, he built up a dramatic situation. Would a Democratic governor, running for re-election himself on the Democratic ticket, actually have the courage, the effrontery, above all the independence, to endorse the one and only Mr. Republican? Said the Governor:

"I will vote, when I determine the issues, for the candidate I believe will serve the nation best . . . I will not allow my party interests to overcome my interest in my country."

It was a masterly equivocation. But it was more than a mere straddle, for it also was a come-on for the newspapermen. It implied that if they kept asking, he would some day determine the issues and tell them which candidate would serve the nation best. From June to November, the Governor got into the papers almost every day. Reporters dogged him and badgered him, which he enjoyed hugely. Then he went to the polls and marked his ballot in the privacy to which every American voter is entitled. His 1950 decision between Taft and Ferguson was kept top secret until January 8, 1956, when he told a national TV audience that he had voted for the late Robert Taft.

In public relations, Governor Lausche has mastered a great art—when it is wise to say nothing at all, Lausche can say it with fluency and even fervor.

But Look at the Money He Saves

Lausche's actual record as governor defies ready summation. He rarely has taken extreme or crusading positions, and he saves his denunciations for easy targets like lobbyists and gamblers. He has never had and never has sought enough money to provide for the state a modern highways system, to bring mental institutions up to good standards, or to create a state park system like that of adjoining Indiana. It has been the same with the state's universities. Ohio's five state universities get less money than the University of Illinois alone. In lower-level education the story is the same. Ohio's allotment of public funds to elementary and secondary public education amounts to 1.9 per cent of personal income. Once when Lausche was shown figures proving that neighboring states were paying far better salaries to professors in their universities, the Governor replied, "Yes, but look at their debt."

It is not a record of vigorous leadership or great accomplishment. But

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it is a record of parsimonious honesty. And that seems to be what the people of Ohio want.

Lausche's appointees have been reasonably competent and always conservative. In the main body of the state civil service, he has ignored his party organization in making appointments and so has created something of a personal machine parallel to the party machine. He has been quick to dismiss state civil-service employees found to be playing party politics. Yet recently when he wanted Frank Dobrozsi of Middletown to run as a district delegate to the Democratic national convention, a way was found. Dobrozsi was personnel man for the state highway department at Middletown, a classified civil-service job. He was swiftly reclassified as a "chief clerk," exempt from civil-service inhibitions. Dobrozsi has the same job, the same work, and the same salary, but is now free to go to Chicago to vote and cheer for Lausche.

Plus and Minus

Any balance sheet on Frank Lausche as a factor in 1956 Democratic Presidential politics will show some positive assets and likewise some formidable liabilities. On the asset side there is his proved vote-getting ability, and especially his remarkable appeal for voters who like independence. Among all men mentioned for the national ticket, he probably is the most acceptable to the South as a whole.

An obvious but important asset is the assurance that he can carry Ohio, with its twenty-five electoral votes. In national elections Ohio is as doubtful as a state can be. In 1944 and 1948 the state was carried by margins of three-tenths of one per cent, once by Mr. Dewey, once by Mr. Truman. With such razor-thin majorities in the record, a man who can carry Ohio for sure must be considered.

One must add to these assets a gracious wife who, although self-effacing and nonpolitical, has made many friends for both of them among the women of Ohio. A few years ago Governor and Mrs. Lausche gave a reception at the Mansion for members of the newly convened legislature. They came 150 strong, and nearly half were brand new to Co-

TOO LITTLE AND MAYBE TOO LATE

ERIC SEVAREID

After years in which internal division seemed to paralyze the Republican Party, events have come almost full circle; and today it is the Democratic Party that is undergoing the agonies of deep dissension within its ranks. It stands divided, not only on candidates and personalities but sectionally, and in terms of philosophy and campaign strategies.

It usually has been a party that fights hard within itself, but generally it has been able, especially when under a dominant figure like Roosevelt, to heal its wounds temporarily and pull itself together for the election struggle. But there is growing uncertainty whether, or to what extent, it can do that this year.

Today, the nationally dominant political figure leads the other party, and controversy between followers of the three leading candidates,—Stevenson, Kefauver, and Harriman —seems to be getting beyond the stage of good-humored competition. They have a few solid footholds, particularly in the farm issue, but at present their disadvantages well outweigh their advantages. They have no one now approaching Eisenhower's popularity; the Republican war chest is far richer than theirs, so overwhelmingly have the big-money sources gone Republican; the Republicans have taken various issues away from them with an election-year swing toward liberal New Deal policies; labor may be generally Democratic, but not fervently so; Northern Negroes tend to slip away, and in the profound desegregation crisis, the Democrats are paying a heavy price for their one-party advantage in the South.

In the view of some observers, the timing of historical events is simply against them. These are the people who believe the Democratic warnings about the *trend* of events are largely right: They believe our foreign policy is cracking up in many parts of the world; they believe an ominous shift in the military power balance is under way, favoring the Russians; they believe that the trend away from small farms and small businesses threatens profound change at the very core of the American way of life. But, they also believe, people do not generally vote on trends because they never become sufficiently aware of them. They vote on what has already happened to them, on overt events. These observers believe that, short of the very unexpected, not enough chickens will come home to roost before Election Day to help the Democrats, and that the Democrats' only consolation will be that the Republicans will have to deal with these chickens in the next four years.

Next to the farm issue, perhaps the strongest talking point the Democrats have is what is happening to the Presidency under the circumstances of Mr. Eisenhower's health and methods of executive command. Some of the press and many students of political science are disturbed at the prospect of a kind of shadow government. But again, this is not something that directly and immediately affects the average voter.

In terms of pure strategy, there is, privately, a growing Democratic feeling that the Lyndon Johnson system over the last two years has led their party into a trap. It was his theory that the Democrats could make a Congressional record of supporting the President and by so doing claim unity and responsibility with the voters in contrast with Republican disunity and irresponsibility. But now, in this election year, these efforts fade in memory as the country sees greater Republican unity, greater Democratic disunity, and failure on such things as the school-aid bill. For three years the Democratic Congressional leadership failed to attack the President directly; by their silence they helped establish a national feeling that he is somehow above criticism. Today he is running against them again and they are beginning to realize they must reduce him to life-sized proportions. They are also beginning to realize they may have waited too long.

(A broadcast over CBS Radio)

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lumbus. As they filed out at the close, Jane Lausche said good-by to them, calling every one by name, without prompting and without error. In politics such a talent is more precious than rubies.

Finally on the asset side, Lausche has a reputation for rugged honesty and yet virtually no record at all on national issues. Until his "Meet the Press" appearance on TV last January, he avoided national questions as he would a contagious ward.

And while "Communism, corruption, and Korea" will probably not be a slogan this year, a Democrat who stands as far from the Roosevelt-Truman tradition as Lausche does may nonetheless have some advantages.

WHEN WE TURN from assets to explore the liabilities on our balance sheet, we find some considerable items. To begin with, Governor Lausche is a Roman Catholic. This has been thought an insuperable barrier for 165 years. But it would be hasty, and less than tolerant, to say a Catholic cannot be elected. The only precedent is Al Smith's defeat. That was twenty-eight years ago, and times may have changed.

Furthermore, Al Smith was a high-ranking, influential Catholic layman—the sort of man non-Catholics could imagine telephoning to the Pope to ask for advice on national policy. Lausche, although earnest about his personal faith, is not a leading layman. He is married to a non-Catholic. He has been independent of the Church and somewhat indifferent to it. Indeed, his problem in Ohio politics has been to get his full share of Catholic votes, not to win the support of non-Catholics. In short, Frank Lausche isn't Al Smith, and 1956 isn't 1928.

A heavier liability is Lausche's conservatism. His early decisions on the bench, his appointments over the years, his indifference to organized labor, and his respectful courtship of conservative business and financial leaders and publishers all confirm that he stands well to the right of Center. Lausche is far removed from the main axis of the national leadership of his party as it has operated in the last few decades.

This becomes important in the nominating process. The CIO had fully one hundred officers and members among the delegates and alternates at the 1952 Democratic convention, and the AFL had a sizable delegation too. Such groups and various New Deal blocs could not be induced to back Lausche at any price. Countering this, it is often said that labor would have "no place else to go" on Election Day. But this is a perilous hypothesis. Labor always has some place else to go. It can go straight home from work without visiting the polls at all. As though he relished that sort of opposition, Lausche made it his first order of business, after taking on the favorite-son role, to announce that neither Jack Kroll, CIO-PAC, nor George Harrison, Railway Clerks-AFL, who have been traditional members of the Ohio delegation, would be allowed on his hand-picked slate of delegates this year.

In respect to foreign policy, the most crucial area of any President's thinking in our times, Frank Lausche is a total enigma. There is simply no record. In the judgment of persons who know him well, he would be closer to the Midwestern neo-isolationist bloc than to the more international-minded approach followed by the Eisenhower Administration and by most Democrats in Congress. Yet this may be an unjust assumption. Lausche's one clear public statement was in support of a generous foreign-aid policy, deftly described by him as one following the line "pursued by Truman and Eisenhower."

The largest obstacle to Governor Lausche as a possible nominee, however, is his wavering status as a Democrat. Despite his baseball background, he does not have the record of a team player in politics. At election time, he campaigns for Frank J. Lausche, and with surpassing skill. But the help he gives to other Democratic candidates is purely coincidental—lip service at most. He has used the direct primary—as indeed it was meant by its originators to be used—as a weapon against the party leaders of his state. And as a result of this warfare against the pros in politics, he has demoralized and virtually destroyed the power of the Democratic Party in Ohio. This lone-wolf role endears him to many, especially Republicans. But it does not endear him to the people who make up the voting membership of a Democratic convention.

Lausche's help even to good friends and protégés on the ticket has been meager. In the 1954 campaign he made a one-minute TV film in which he spoke well of Thomas Burke, whom he had appointed to the Senate after Taft's death and who was running for election. Burke's forces had bought TV time heavily over the state to make the most of this quasi-endorsement from the Governor. Late in the campaign, Lausche went down to Cincinnati to address a Democratic dinner—specifying in advance that no other Democratic candidate could be at the speakers' table. He said nothing that associated him with the ticket. And later, in a fifteen-minute TV appearance, he failed to say a word about his fellow Democrats. Local Democratic leaders arranged to have Lausche's speech end a minute early, and put on the short film in which the Governor spoke well of Burke. That seemed to them the only way to get any help from Lausche for any of the ticket. Unfortunately, Lausche turned and saw himself on a monitor TV screen, speaking for his friend Tom Burke. This may or may not have been the reason, but next day he forbade further use of the film. Burke's people had to give up the TV short for the last week of the campaign although they had planned to use it heavily throughout Ohio. Burke lost Ohio by 2,870 votes in a total vote of 2,412,778. Conceivably it was Lausche's withdrawal of his TV plug for Burke that sent Republican George Bender to the Senate.

FRANK LAUSCHE, pursuing a reputation for independence that pleases the voters of both parties as well as in-betweeners, has managed to keep as far away from national issues as from narrow partisanship. And the partisans who meet in Chicago to pick candidates for their national ticket may look at this friendly, honest man and conclude that in some circumstances independence can be too much of a good thing.

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Survival In the Bureaucratic Jungle

HARLAN CLEVELAND

(Excerpts from a paper delivered at the Woodrow Wilson Centennial Conference on The Political Executive in the National Government, held at Princeton University.)

ABOUT eleven years ago I was sitting against the wall of a Senate committee room, watching two political executives sell a Lend-Lease appropriation to the greatest, or at least the most deliberative, body in the world. My capacity on this occasion was as a briefcase carrier—one of those anonymous civil servants who sit behind government witnesses at these affairs, handing them scribbled calculations and bits of advice on scraps of paper. The witnesses were Leo Crowley, the Wisconsin politician who headed the Foreign Economic Administration, and his deputy Oscar Cox, who as one of the New Deal's brightest lawyers had drafted that extraordinary piece of legislation, the Lend-Lease Act.

The scene was a study in contrast. Crowley seemed more Senatorial than the Senators, a languid, paunchy man with a mane of white hair, a florid complexion, and a deceptively benign expression. Cox was thin and efficient, his jerky gestures matching his crisp and factual eloquence. He was easy to carry a briefcase for; he already knew its contents by heart.

Most of the questions were taken by Cox. Before a Senator had finished asking his question, Cox was way ahead of him, guessing what was on his mind and starting to reply in impressive, uncompromising detail. Crowley leaned back, utterly relaxed, sometimes putting in a comment or telling a joke to keep things moving. Finally a Senator asked Crowley a question about one of the most intricate features of the Lend-Lease program, and I learned an important lesson.

"Well, I'll tell you, Senator," Crowley said in his Middle Western accent, "I've always wondered how that works too. Let's see if Oscar can explain it to us."

Soon the hearing was over, the lesson complete. Two or three of the Senators were clapping Crowley on the back, saying what a fine presentation he had made. Cox, who had made it, was alone at the other end of the room, stuffing his papers back into his efficient-looking briefcase.

The Jungle He Inhabits

A discussion of that political animal, the government executive, should start with some picture of the jungle in which he lives and works and, if he is fit enough, survives. We can agree, I am sure, that government is a mixture of politics and administration, accommodation and logic, consent and decisions—a blend, in short, of Crowley and Cox.

We instinctively demand that our Presidents be "double firsts"—that they be great politicians and great administrators too. Of course they don't usually succeed on both counts. Franklin Roosevelt, who is possibly unsurpassed in this century as a builder of consent in war and peace, was as casual an administrator as ever hit Washington. Harry Truman, whose reputation and training were in politics, proved himself an able and orderly administrator, but when it came to building consent for a government program he can hardly be rated better than fair. President Eisenhower, whose forte was military administration, has combined a remarkable talent for evoking consent with an equally remarkable tendency to appoint as administrators of his policies men who disagree with them.

Yet if we seldom or never get quite the perfect Presidential blend, we continue to pine for that rare amalgam—the man who can run the Executive Branch and still get along with most of the other Americans, in and out of Congress, who think *they* are anointed to run the government too.

What is not so clear in much of the literature of public administration is the fact that every official of the Executive Branch must in some measure combine the two qualities we look for in a President—the ability to manage and the talent to build political support for what is managed. Government is a mixture of administration and politics all the way up and down the line, not merely at something called the political level where people called political executives get jobs by a process called political appointment.

The Diffusion of Powers

What is it about our government that makes it so political a jungle? The standard explanation is the Constitutional separation of powers, the built-in checks and balances, the fact that everybody is in every act but nobody seems to be in charge of the performance.

Woodrow Wilson called this "administration by semi-independent executive agents who obey the dictation of a legislature to which they are not responsible." He was sure that Congress ran the show, described legislation as "the originating force," and complained that the "blind processes" resulting from the division of power made that power irresponsible. But Wilson was too pessimistic about the ability of the government to function in spite of this division of power and purposes —or better, perhaps, because of it. He was certainly overimpressed with the power of the legislature in his academic days, though as President he later underestimated its veto power when it came to getting the League of Nations ratified. The legislature is powerful and can do a massive job of wreckmanship, as we know from our own recent history. But the men who wrote our Constitution were clear about the "dangers from legislative usurpations." "One hundred and seventy-three despots would surely be as oppressive as one," Madison said in one of the Federalist papers. ". . . An elective despotism was not the government we fought for."

Despite the periodic flurries of legislative usurpation, we don't have

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an elective despotism. But we do have a Congress that participates with appalling vigor in the task of running the Executive Branch of the government. We have, indeed, a system that not only separates the general Constitutional powers but diffuses the power of decision on quite specific matters. One of the very first things I ever had to do in Washington, as an "intern" in the office of Senator "Young Bob" La Follette, was to stand in for the Senator at a hearing in the Veterans Administration on a compensation case. I recall being struck at the time by the distortion of functions thus dramatized: Here I was, a legislative bureaucrat, horning in on the efforts of executive bureaucrats to perform a judicial function.

Each official in each branch of the government has a chance to exercise two (and occasionally even three) of the Constitutional powers at once; and by the same token, each of the three branches gets a crack at nearly every major public issue.

THE result of this diffusion of power is not merely, as Odegard says, that "Congress has . . . found ways and means for interposing itself between the President and his executive subordinates and thus confusing the clear line of bureaucratic responsibility." Each executive official, whether politically appointed or not, has to spend an unconscionable amount of his time and energy telling Congress what he is doing, and why. In my last year with the Mutual Security Agency, I figure that I spent the equivalent of six months out of the twelve preparing and presenting on Capitol Hill the detailed exposition of the program I was supposed to be helping "administer."

Nor is it enough for an administrator to defend a program from political attack. He finds himself actively promoting a political coalition in its support. For our Congress, which I have heard described to a group of visiting Frenchmen as a model of party discipline, is of course as choice an example of coalition government as the notorious French Assembly.

If there is any doubt that Congress is managed by complex, *ad hoc* coalitions which shift with every issue, look for a moment at the record of the Eighty-third Congress. In this supposedly Republican Congress, the fluctuating balance of power swung against the Administration on foreign aid and public housing, but supported the President on farm price supports and (by one vote) the Bricker amendment. A coalition majority could be put together for confirming the New Deal, reducing taxes, cutting slightly the funds for defense, continuing the 1950 version of U.S. foreign policy, and allowing some of its committees to trample on Executive toes. On hardly any of these issues could one party get its way solely with the votes it could deliver from its own side of the aisle.

We see the same pattern operating in the Eighty-fourth Congress, which is theoretically led by the Democrats. There was an excellent example in the Senate when thirty-one Republicans and twenty-two Democrats beat twenty-four Democrats and fourteen Republicans and sent the natural-gas bill to Thomasville, Georgia, to be vetoed by a Republican President.

Because Congress is the way it is, every executive must help splice together the particular coalition that will pass *his* appropriation and protect *his* program and *his* reputation from damage. (His coalition may be very different from another one being fashioned for a different purpose by a colleague in the next office.) If every executive has Congressional relations as an important segment of his duties—even though he may not himself carry a bulging briefcase up Pennsylvania Avenue to "the Hill"—every executive has to have some of the instincts of a politician.

It is usually said that there are seven to eight hundred "political executives" in the national government. But by my definition there are thousands of government executives engaged in "politics." Under our Constitutional diffusion of powers, the Federal government would hardly operate at all if they were fewer.

The Inside Track

Many distinguished writers have pondered whether the American Congress adequately represents the American people, but this is an academic question about which I have never been able to get excited. For the American people do not limit their representation in Washington to electing half a thousand Congressmen. The people are directly represented in the Executive Branch, too.

When I say "the people," I mean what David Riesman intends by the phrase "veto groups." In *The Lonely Crowd,* Riesman observed that political leadership has passed from businessmen as a class to "a series of groups, each of which has struggled for and finally attained a power to stop things conceivably inimical to its interests and, within far narrower limits, to start things . . . Among the veto groups competition is monopolistic; rules of fairness and fellowship dictate how far one can go." The tidelands group refrained from going too far; the natural-gas lobby, consisting of some of the same people, so outraged the public conscience that a President thought to be favorable to its objectives had to turn against the natural-gas bill. The farm group's effective power is enormous; the smaller effectiveness of the labor group may be traced, at least in part, to the fact that it overplayed its hand during the New Deal.

WHAT Riesman did not mention is the fact that the power of these new-style lobbies can be roughly measured by the strength of their

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surrogates *within* the Executive Branch of the government. The Department of Agriculture has long been regarded, both by the farm organizations and the rest of the government, as a farmers' defense league inside the Federal bureaucracy. Organized labor, particularly the CIO, substantially controlled the National Labor Relations Board during the period (in the 1930's) when the Board was clearing the way for the rapid expansion of the CIO. The housing program, created by the New Deal for the purpose of getting houses built, placed itself in the hands of the speculative builders and the savings-and-loan associations to such an extent that moral corruption shaded over into pecuniary corruption. The organized veterans have their own preserve in the Veterans Administration. The Commerce Department has for some years had a Business Advisory Council whose function, in effect, is to bring to bear on internal government decisions an organized business opinion. Defense contracts are habitually given out by men recruited from the businesses that are getting the business, and regulations are drafted by surrogates of the industries to which they apply. The National Recovery Act was declared unconstitutional early in the New Deal, but "self-government of industry" is an established practice with a venerable tradition behind it.

DURING the Korean War, as John Corson has said, "The Office of Price Stabilization official in charge of price regulations for the apparel industry [in 1951] was borrowed from a leading firm in this industry. His aide, who specializes in women's woven underwear, is 'on loan' from Barbizon, one of the principal competing manufacturers in this field. A succession of five or more chiefs of the Iron and Steel Division in the National Production Authority have been loaned by their companies, the major companies in the steel industry. The acting director of the Equipment and Materials Division of the Defense Transport Administration for most of 1951 was on loan from the American Car and Foundry Company. He actively promoted, for the Defense Transport Administrator, a plea that the NPA make available sufficient steel to build ten thousand freight cars a quarter; his firm . . . is engaged in the production of freight cars."

From time to time this sort of thing gets out of bounds, as in the recent cases of Air Force Secretary

Talbott and Chairman Hugh Cross of the Interstate Commerce Commission, both of whom admitted error in using their official positions to advance their private interests. Much more often, there is no formal "conflict of interest." It is considered normal and natural for a steel man to lubricate with government contracts the growth of steel production; for a housing man to get more housing built by having the government absorb a good part of the risk; for a farmers' representative to promote aid for farmers from inside the Department of Agriculture; for a labor organizer temporarily in the government to promote the right of labor to organize. We have institutionalized the inside track.

The political executive consequently has to do more than run his shop and deal with Congress. He has to maintain a complex network of horizontal relations with the veto groups whose interests his actions may affect, with others who think their interests might be affected, and with the surrogates of these groups in *both* the Executive and Legislative Branches of the government.

I am trying hard not to pass any moral judgment on this system, but merely to describe how it seems to work. Given the nature of our society, it is almost bound to work this way. The government is, after all, the least bureaucratic of the major interest groups with which it has to deal. Turnover of government personnel is high, especially at the top. Even if this were not true for other reasons, we make sure of it by having reasonably frequent elections. The same is not true of the major aggregations of veto power outside: In business, labor, agriculture, and a good many other categories, elections are often a façade for maintaining the same leadership from year to year and even from decade to decade. If you don't like the President of the United States, you can vote against him every four years. If you don't like the president of General Motors or the head of a labor union, you can only wait for him to die.

This difference in tenure between government and outside interest groups is critical. If the outside leaders know more about the subject than their opposite numbers inside the government, if they are providing key experts, advisers, and sometimes even the political executives themselves, the views of the regulated are likely to be pretty influential with the regulators. In the United States, the road to the riskless society that Europeans call socialism is paved with the incestuous intention of nearly every major economic interest to bring in the government as the risk-taking partner.

Where, in this picture, does the "public interest" appear? Not, certainly, through the organized political parties, which inflate like balloons at election time and are of small consequence in governmental decision making the rest of the time. No, the defense of the public interest rests in the hands of the people as a whole, who can't do anything much about it, and of the President they elect, who can.

The Buck Passes Up

Whether, under our system, the government ultimately serves the public interest, or merely obliges the private and sectional Trojan horses encamped inside the walls of the Federal bureaucracy, depends on the President to an extraordinary and alarming degree. He is the chief mediator among the veto groups, the one political executive whose

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whole job is to consider the situation as a whole. He is the one remaining safety man available to stop a specialized interest which breaks through the normal line of checks and balances and threatens to gain too much yardage at the expense of other groups.

In a revealing passage of his autobiography, Mr. Truman regarded it as quite natural that nobody should consider the public interest but the President. "I was always aware," he wrote, "of the fact that not all my advisers looked at the . . . problem in the same manner I did. This was nothing unusual, of course. It is the job of the military planners to consider all matters first and always in the light of military considerations. The diplomat's approach is—or in any case should be—determined by considerations of our relations to other nations. The Secretary of the Treasury thinks in terms of budget and taxes. Except for the members of his personal staff, each Presidential adviser has and should have a departmental outlook."

Though we sometimes make gods or supermen of our Presidents, they have not generally been more moral than most of us. The difference is that in the White House they are compelled to stand a little higher on the mountain than anybody else, and they consequently see farther at the horizon. It is this unique and lonely vantage point that lends grandeur to the American Presidency.

YET the President's high rank does not necessarily mean that he makes more "decisions" than other political executives below. Indeed it is arguable that in our government, the higher one's rank the fewer decisions one makes. The man who buys paper clips makes a number of unreviewed decisions without consultation—what size and shape of paper clip, from whom to buy, at what price. As you go up the ladder of authority each official is beset with more committees, more horizontal clearances, more veto groups and political personalities whose views must be reconciled or discounted before the "final decision" is reached.

I once tried to get this important idea across to a very bright businessman who had just been appointed a division director and had promptly started to operate as if he were solely responsible for the program coordinated by that division. One day, months after he had taken office, I knew he would survive the transition to becoming a public servant. For he came to me and said: "I'm director of this program, but that doesn't mean I direct anybody, does it? I mean I don't make any *decisions*. I'm really a sort of broker, I guess."

The President's role as chief broker makes possible a certain order in the bureaucratic jungle. It is no accident that matters that frequently get to the White House are often better handled than matters that do not. The Housing Agency worked off in a corner by itself for years, dealing direct with the housing industry and hardly ever creating a crisis requiring Presidential attention. As a result, corrupt practices like "mortgaging out" under Section 608 came to be regarded by some as the natural order of things until Congress finally made a political scandal of them. The foreign-aid program, on the other hand, has spent more than $50 billion since the Second World War, with hardly a trace of scandal. Why? Could it be because so many

departments and agencies were always fighting for the right to manage foreign aid that the program was a matter of monthly, even weekly, concern to the President himself?

THE saving grace of our Executive bureaucracy, then, is that nearly everybody in it works for the President. To be sure, each political executive is also responsible horizontally to four or five Congressional committees; he has to deal with several outside interest groups whose leaders feel the executive is answerable to *them;* and within the Executive Branch he is constantly evading his own responsibility by burying it in collective decisions by interdepartmental committees. But when the chips are down on any one issue, all political executives are accountable to the President—which is another way of saying that if they get into a tight spot, they can generally pass the buck to him.

The buck passes *up*: Many of the most serious crises in our government's operations come from temporary lapses in following this first law of the jungle. Many elements of the present Federal security system —a major subject in itself when it comes to considering why it is so hard to get and keep good political executives—is a travesty of this principle. For the system legitimizes the downward passing of the buck, and even prepares ahead of time an endless file of scapegoats for administrative error and sacrificial lambs for periodic Congressional slaughter. It encourages a reversion to the old English principle that the king can do no wrong: If the government errs, it must be some spy in the ointment.

One lesson of our recent madness is clear—legislative usurpation generally takes the form of trying to find the disloyal official down the line on whom the blame for bad policy can be laid. The depth of the Army-McCarthy crisis was revealed when it became clear that Secretary Stevens, Counsel John Adams, and General Zwicker were to be left standing out in the rain without the umbrella of Presidential backing. The natural-law reply to that insistent question "Who promoted Peress?" was always plain: "The President did. Want to make something of it?"

Government is politics, but the Executive Branch has to be run by executives. And in government, as in other hierarchies, the buck can travel in one direction only—up.

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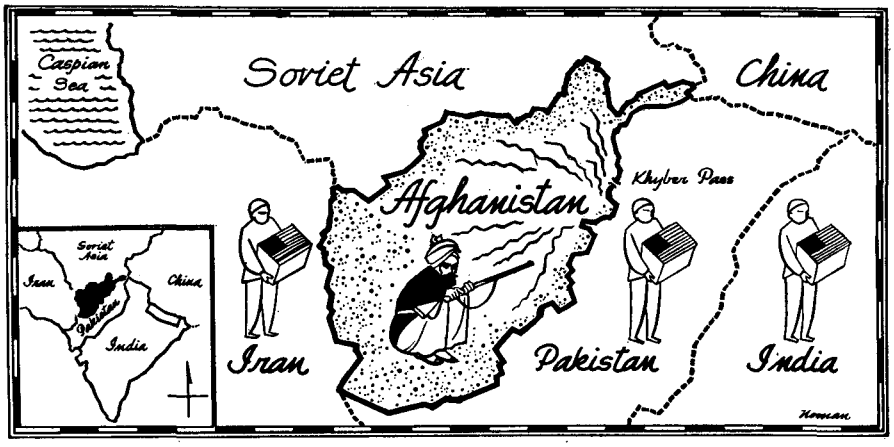

The Russian Moves In Afghanistan

ARTHUR BONNER

AFGHANISTAN is a country that constantly reminds travelers of what they imagine life was like in Biblical times. Men in patriarchal beards wearing flowing robes ride side-saddle on absurdly small donkeys; haughty camels pad silently over unpaved roads; Ibrahim tends his flocks and Yusuf wears a coat of many colors.

It is a country that has been associated with every great empire in Asian history; it has been visited by such famous travelers as the seventh-century Chinese Hsüan Tsang and the thirteenth-century Venetian Marco Polo.

It has also been visited by the twentieth-century travelers Bulganin and Khrushchev, who left behind a promise of $100 million in long-term credits.

Afghanistan is about as backward as a country can get. There are about twelve million people living in a country slightly smaller than the State of Texas. There are no railroads and no paved roads except for a few streets in Kabul. There is no education beyond what we consider the high-school level, although there is a collection of schools in Kabul, the capital, called a university. About two million of Afghanistan's inhabitants are pure nomads who roam the country, entering and returning from neighboring Pakistan without anybody's giving it a thought.

Wars and Treaties

In 1838, the British sent an army to impose a ruler of their choice upon the country. This began the First Afghan War, one of the most ill-advised and badly conducted in British history. Almost the entire British force was either killed or captured in the final battle.

The British decided that although Afghanistan was too costly to conquer, it was too important to let fall into Russian hands. In other words, it should be a buffer state. They also decided that certain territories over which Afghanistan claimed suzerainty, including the Khyber Pass, were of vital importance for the defense of India and as such should be under British control.

During the Second Afghan War, the British gained control of Afghanistan's foreign affairs. The Afghans also signed an agreement in 1893 delimiting their southern frontier along the Durand Line, named after Sir Mortimer Durand, the British negotiator.

These treaties completed a process that had been fermenting since 1747, when Afghanistan ceased to be a part of whichever Persian, Mongol, Turkic, or Mogul kingdom was dominant in central Asia, and became a kingdom in its own right.

THE PATHANS, from whom the country's rulers have been drawn since the eighteenth century, are the native hill people of Afghanistan. They exhibit, to a marked degree, the characteristics associated with mountain people—a love of independence combined with a watchful alertness and a deep suspicion of foreigners and their ways.

Kabul is a honeycomb of compound walls surrounding government buildings and even ordinary homes. By day it is a bustling central Asian city of some 200,000 people, with busses and taxis and smartly dressed and disciplined policemen to direct the traffic, most of which consists of horse-drawn tongas, camels loaded with Afghan rugs, and turbaned men in rainbow-colored coats reaching down to their ankles.

But the night is brooding and deathly still. Few people are to be seen, except for the ever-present police and military, and even they are almost obscured by deep shadows which the dim street lights do little to relieve.

Kings and Mullahs

For a time it seemed that the Afghans were mentally ready to break out of their mountain isolation. After the Third Anglo-Afghan War of 1919, a rather half-hearted affair on both sides, Afghanistan won the right to conduct its own foreign affairs.

Emir Amanullah, who was then in power, was emboldened by this unexpected success and embarked upon a series of reforms, which included the education of women. He began building palaces and public buildings on a lavish scale. He wanted to emulate Kemal Atatürk of Turkey. But unlike Kemal, he neglected the army. Eventually the conservative forces, including the mullahs, the powerful and reactionary priestly class, forced him into exile.

The rulers of Afghanistan learned that if they wanted to preserve their lives, let alone their power, they would have to exercise vigilance. This lesson was driven home when

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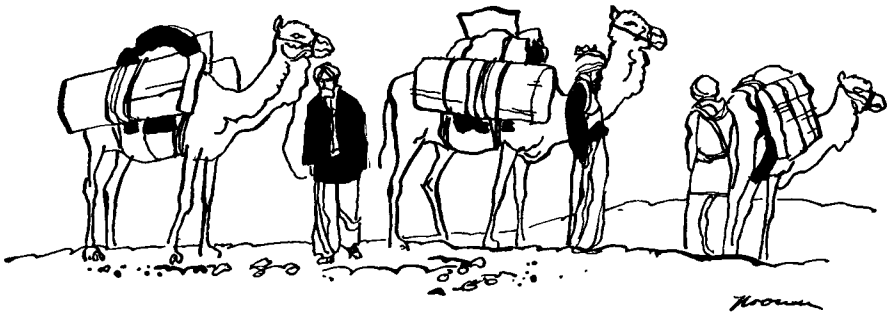
King Mohammed Nadir Shah, who succeeded Amanullah in 1929, was assassinated in 1933. His brother, Mohammed Aziz Khan, was assas-



sinated in Berlin in the same year.

The present king, Mohammed Zahir Shah, ascended the throne at the age of nineteen following the assassination of his father, Nadir Shah. Zahir Shah seems merely a figurehead. The real ruler is the king's cousin, Mohammed Daud Khan, the Prime Minister.

There are no political parties; the only groupings that could possibly oppose the present government revolve around tribal chieftains who, so it is said, have been either bought off with money or political positions or have been cowed into submission.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to determine how many people oppose the government on an individual basis. *Ferenghis,* as foreigners are called, even in government letters, are not allowed any close contact with the Afghan people, especially foreigners who take an interest in politics.

Foreign teachers, including Americans, are allowed in Afghan schools but they must sign an oath not to discuss politics with their students. Americans have sent promising Afghan students abroad for further study only to have the same boys show a marked hostility on their return. American officials were puzzled until some of the boys revealed that they had been summoned by the government upon their return home and had been warned, in effect, that they must forget any foreign ways they had learned and that they would be watched carefully in the future.

Police and Purdah

An indication of the fanaticism of the present government is the attitude toward women. Few Moslem countries are as strict as Afghanistan in insisting that women go veiled from the top of their heads to their ankles, with only a woven latticework to peer through.

Foreign women who have talked with Afghan women say the Afghans deplore purdah, but recoil from the very idea of organizing a movement against it.

Purdah and the police are the most glaring social injustices of Afghanistan. But beneath the surface one must take into account the power and fanaticism of the mullahs and the natural caution of the government of a country where assassins could strike down both the king in Kabul and his brother in Berlin.

Certainly, from the little foreigners can see, these are not rulers living riotously off the misery of the poor. The foyer of the king's new palace in Kabul has been said to resemble a second-class French hotel that had refurbished its lobby. The palace at least has the rare luxury of radiators; the Prime Minister's conference room and the main hall of the Army Officers' Club have only old-fashioned iron stoves, with ugly tin pipes jutting up and across to flues in the walls.

Some Foreign Loans

In contrast to the social injustices are the efforts of the government to improve the lot of the people. Since 1946, Afghanistan has obtained about $40 million in loans from the American Export-Import Bank for the construction of two dams and about a thousand miles of major and minor irrigation canals and distributors to irrigate 820,000 acres of land in the Helmand Valley, in the dry southwest of the country.

If the entire twenty-year project is carried out, it will generate 126,000 kilowatts of electricity and provide land for 700,000 people, many of them nomads. It will raise the gross farm-income level of the valley, an area the size of Iowa, from a $12-million annual level to $103 million by 1965.

In the fiscal years 1952-1955, Afghanistan has also received $6.8 million in direct aid from the American government, including $2.6 million in wheat loans and grants. A large percentage of the money has been used in connection with the Helmand Valley Project for such things as sanitation, public health, and the training of village-level workers. Other funds have been used for foreign-study fellowships and for American teachers to help reorganize and raise the level of Afghan schools.

SINCE 1954, much to the dismay of many Americans, Afghanistan has also been receiving aid from the Communists. The Russians have lent $3.5 million for two grain warehouses, a flour mill, and a bakery, and $2.1 million for machinery and technicians to pave the streets of Kabul. The Russians have also given loans for the construction of gasoline-storage facilities in Kabul and other cities.

In addition, Czechoslovakia has agreed to lend $5 million for the purchase and installation of a glass factory, a coal-briquette plant, one or more fruit-processing plants, and a cement plant.

All this, of course, is dwarfed by the announcement, made after the visit of Soviet Prime Minister Nik-

olai Bulganin and Communist Party chief Nikita S. Khrushchev, of $100 million in long-term credits. This is a staggering sum for a nation where

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the per capita income is estimated at only about $50 a year. It works out to about two months' wages for every man, woman, and child in the country.

However, no details were given as to when the money would be forthcoming and over how long a period it would be spread, and there were only a few vague references to how it might be used.

All along the Russians have scored heavily in publicity about their aid to Afghanistan. Most of their money has been spent in Kabul, the largest city, for flashy consumer items like paved streets and a new bakery. America's aid is being used mainly in the remote and thinly populated Helmand Valley for long-term projects that have few immediate results for any large number of people.

The Russians, who share a seven-hundred-mile frontier with Afghanistan, can be expected to be more knowledgeable than the Americans in dealing with the Afghans. When the Afghans became fully independent in 1919, Russia was the first country to grant them diplomatic recognition. Russia also concluded a treaty of friendship with Afghanistan as early as 1921, while the United States, in contrast, has never concluded the normal treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation.

The Pakhtunistan Issue

The principal difficulty that the United States has in dealing with Afghanistan involves the nebulous but intense issue of Pakhtunistan, home of the Pathans, the largest single group in Afghanistan.

When the British established the Durand Line as the southern boundary of Afghanistan, they separated about five million Pathans, most of them in the North-West Frontier Province of India, from their fellow tribesmen on the Afghan side of the line.

When the British withdrew from the subcontinent in 1947 and India and Pakistan were established, Pakistan took control of the apparatus of government south of the Durand Line. Afghanistan objected, claiming that the Pathans should be given the right to decide if they wanted to establish a separate state—Pakhtunistan.

In the spring of 1955 Pakistan, for rather complicated reasons of its own internal politics, joined all the provinces of West Pakistan into a single state. This meant that the

Pathans south of the Durand Line, who formerly had their own regional legislature, lost even this and were lumped together with Punjabis, Sindhis, and others.

The Flag Dispute

The reaction in Afghanistan was sudden and violent. A mob of about four thousand looted the Pakistani embassy in Kabul. They tore down the Pakistan flag and spat on it. A mob in Pakistan decided upon revenge; they raided the Afghan consulate-general in Peshawar and treated the Afghan flag with equal disrespect. These happenings have since been called the flag dispute.

The Pakistanis also did something more serious; they stopped the transshipment of goods from the Pakistani port of Karachi to Afghanistan for five months until an agreement was reached under which the flags were raised again, with appropriate ceremonies, at Kabul and Peshawar.

Afghanistan is a landlocked country; to cut its communications with the sea is an act of economic strangulation. Trade with Russia had already been increasing, and with the halt in shipments from Pakistan there was a tremendous increase so that now an estimated one-third of Afghanistan's trade is with Russia.

The Pakistanis have still not restored normal transit facilities, and the Afghans are now insisting that all importers, including American companies such as Caterpillar Tractor, bring their goods in via the Soviet Union. The United States was an innocent bystander, friendly to both sides, but it was hit by some of the brickbats. The Afghans welcomed the United States as completely neutral and unbiased in 1946. They were a bit upset when the United States granted military aid to Pakistan in 1954. They became more upset when Pakistan, America's ally, cut their lifeline.

Some observers, possibly with the clarity of hindsight, criticize the United States for not acting promptly after the flag dispute to try to bring both sides to a quick settlement and keep goods moving.

BUT THERE was little the State Department could do since, legally, Afghanistan seemed entirely wrong. The Durand agreement was signed by the Afghans and accepted by a number of subsequent Afghan governments. It is also probably correct in international law that Pakistan is the successor state to the British and has a right to rule the Pathans of the North-West Frontier. Pakistan, as a sovereign state, refuses even to discuss an issue involving one of its minorities with Afghanistan, a foreign power, since to begin talks is to admit that Afghanistan has a right to be consulted.

But no matter what can be said against it, Pakhtunistan is a burning issue for the Afghan government. Prime Minister Daud is a fanatic on the question. What Pakhtunistan may lack in logic or legal force it makes up in emotion. It has associated with it, however wrongly, the burning emotions of Afghan irredentism and of self-determination of peoples.

Wash Our Hands of It?

Apparently the Russians are the only ones who stand to gain from the Pakhtunistan issue. Bulganin and Khrushchev did only the expected when they expressed sympathy for the cause.

It would be easier for the United States if it simply ceased trying to be friends with Afghanistan. There are some who argue that this is exactly what should be done. They say, in effect, that Afghanistan is just a bigoted, backward dictatorship, the antithesis of the ideals of freedom

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and democracy for which America stands; that Afghanistan is making trouble for one of America's best friends; and that, in accepting $100 million in aid from the Soviet Union, Afghanistan shows itself more sympathetic to the Communists than to the free world.

It is pointed out in rebuttal that to abandon Afghanistan might push it entirely into the Soviet orbit, giving the Russians a good air base at Kandahar in the Helmand Valley and putting Soviet troops at the Khyber Pass, the historic gateway to India. The surrebuttal is made that Kandahar is only one hour by jet plane closer to Pakistan than present Soviet air bases in southern Russia. As for the Khyber Pass, it is argued, that was only important in the days of cavalry; in an atomic age, it is just a tourist curiosity.

THERE MAY be some people ready to call Afghanistan a Soviet satellite, but this does not sort with certain realities. The Afghans do not overwhelm any foreigner with kisses, but they are more friendly to Americans than to Russians.

United States Information Service mobile movie vans tour the countryside showing American propaganda films and handing out pro-American literature. The Russians have no such things. The USIS runs a library in Kabul; the Russians do not.

American teachers are in Afghan schools; there are no Russian teachers. English, French, and German are taught in the schools, but not Russian.

American technical experts work with the highest Afghan government officials; there are no such Soviet advisers.

The day after the official communiqué was issued announcing Russia's offer of $100 million in credits, Afghan officials purposefully, it seemed, asked for interviews with American aid officials: they wanted to demonstrate that they remained as friendly to the United States as ever.

It might appear that the Afghans were not demonstrating friendship at all—that they were merely practicing a form of blackmail. This may be true, but if it is, the United States has a means of resisting such blackmail: The Afghans know that if they lose the friendship of the United States, Pakistan would not need much encouragement to cut their communications once and for all. This move would put Afghanistan at the mercy of the Russians.

ONLY a bad poker player is bluffed out of a good hand. If just the promise of $100 million in Soviet aid makes America throw in its cards, the Russians will have won a cheap victory and the rest of Asia will have gained a poor impression of the steadfastness of American friendship.

There is reason to believe that the Russians are not really interested in helping Afghanistan but are more interested in hurting Pakistan. A few thousand Russian or Czechoslovak rifles and machine guns would not do much for Afghanistan's small and poorly equipped army, but if Afghanistan passed these weapons on to the North-West Frontier tribesmen for use against Pakistan there would be real trouble.

It can even be hoped that Afghanistan will become so embroiled in building roads, schools, factories, and power plants that it will think less about Pakhtunistan. Who knows? Perhaps even the United States will derive some indirect benefit from all those Russian rubles.

Mr. Molotov Nears The End of the Road

VERNON ASPATURIAN

FOR the past year, rumors have been rampant in Moscow and in diplomatic circles that Vyacheslav M. Molotov was on his way out. They reached a crescendo last October, following publication of Molotov's unexpected and startling letter of confession in the authoritative ideological journal *Kommunist*. Although the Soviet Foreign Minister still retains his post, his influence and power in Soviet affairs have unquestionably declined.

Molotov has been the symbol of the Kremlin to the outside world for so long that the rigidity of Soviet foreign policy was generally assumed to be due to his personality. Actually, the line of Soviet diplomacy had been set by Stalin four years before the Revolution. "A diplomat's words," he said in 1913, "must have no relation to action—otherwise what kind of diplomacy is it? Words are one thing, actions another. Good words are a mask for the concealment of bad deeds. Sincere diplomacy is no more possible than dry water or iron wood." Winston Churchill testified about Molotov's worth as a Soviet diplomat when he acknowledged his "remarkable skill in duplicity."

Stalin never regretted the great confidence he placed in Molotov's ability to carry out, unencumbered with deviation or moral reservations, the zigzagging pattern of his foreign policy. "I propose a toast to the director of our foreign policy, Vyacheslav M. Molotov!" he shouted to his Red Army commanders at a victory banquet in 1945. "Do not forget," he said, mustering the highest accolade of which he was capable, "that a good foreign policy sometimes counts for more than two or three armies at the front. To our Vyacheslav!"

Molotov earned not only the unstinted praise of his late chief but also the grudging admiration of distinguished opponents: "I have seen in action all of the great international statesmen of this century," John Foster Dulles wrote in 1950, and "I have never seen such personal diplomatic skill at so high a degree of perfection as Mr. Molotov's." Mr. Dulles, since becoming Secretary of State, has had a number of encounters with Molotov, and it is not likely that he has demoted him in his estimation. James Byrnes, a nimble operator in domestic politics, confessed that he was hopeless-

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ly outmatched by Molotov's superior maneuverability in international politics, and complained with bitter admiration of Molotov's deadly virtues—maddening patience, tireless energy, annoying precision, unctuous innocence.

Of all the appraisals of the man, Churchill's is at once the most trenchant and discerning: "A man of outstanding ability and cold-blooded ruthlessness . . . his cannonball head, black mustache, and comprehending eyes, his slab face, his verbal adroitness and imperturbable demeanor were appropriate manifestations of his qualities and skill. He was above all men fitted to be the agent and instrument of . . . an incalculable machine."

The Automaton Mask

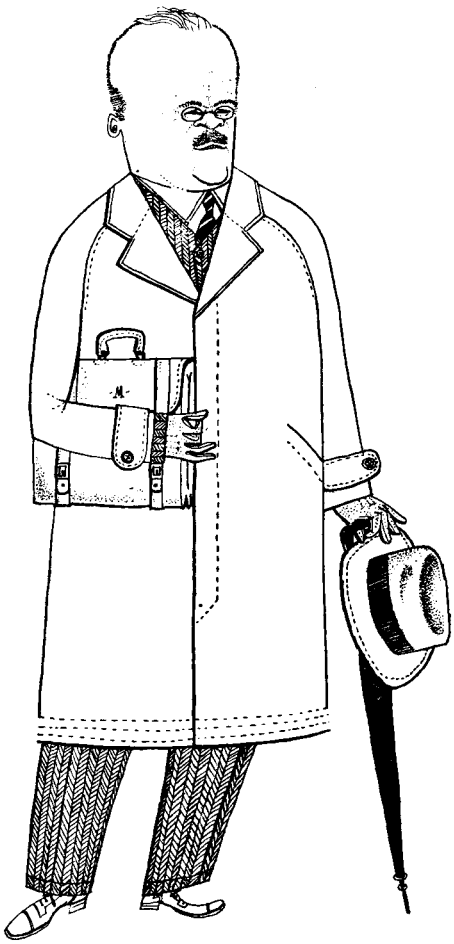
Molotov came to diplomacy without any particular qualification or training. His entire career up to his appointment as Commissar of Foreign Affairs in 1939 was devoted to conspiracy before the Revolution and bureaucracy after it. He had none of the old-fashioned urbanity of Georgi Chicherin or the genial cosmopolitanism of Maxim Litvinov. Rather, he impressed those who had known him with his mediocrity and priggishness.

Early appraisals of Molotov's performance as a diplomat were uniformly unfavorable; he was usually described as a man of little warmth or sensitivity, phlegmatic in movement and inflexible in thought, an automaton whose reflexes were thoroughly and constantly manipulated by Stalin.

He became the butt of Stalin's churlish humor, and endured deliberate affronts in the presence of foreign dignitaries, all of whom scrupulously reported Stalin's sallies to their home offices, finding in them evidence that Stalin was not as secretive as reported, and not really much more astute than the robot who was malfunctioning as his new Foreign Commissar.

The perennial Alphonse and Gaston routine that Stalin and Molotov performed for their guests was designed, of course, to deceive the bourgeois mind, whose preoccupation with personal dignity and prestige is well known to the Kremlin.

As a diplomatist, Molotov—always reserved, self-assured, impervious to all attempts to ruffle his stony composure—is the master of his emotions, a clever manipulator of the passions of others and himself the victim of none. He permits neither sentiment nor his own personality to intrude on his calculated execution of policy. The prototype of the professional revolutionary, he has been dedicated all his life to accelerating what he considers to be the inexorable course of history,



subjugating both personality and destiny to the services of the party.

An accomplished actor, Molotov can assume many moods, not always with equal facility but with sufficient effectiveness to induce revealing reactions in his adversaries. He is capable of inciting rage and fury, hate and anger, provoking his opponents into panic and intemperate outbursts; he can distort or affect, threaten or importune, pursue with vindictiveness or relent with grace.

It appears, however, that in spite of Molotov's redoubtable skill, his utter reliability as the impersonal and willing instrument of the party, and his matchless service to Soviet Communism, he has exhausted his usefulness in promoting the interests of Moscow.

Pravda's Attack

The indications that Molotov is on the skids are many and sure. His humiliating confession of ideological error, the vituperative attack upon him by *Pravda* while he was representing Moscow in Geneva, his remark in Vienna last May that it was "time for younger blood," his enigmatic and gratuitous revelation on the eve of his departure for Geneva that he would "give the answer to [his rumored resignation] in Geneva and from Geneva" barely two weeks after he had retorted acrimoniously that "no question of retirement arises"—these, in spite of their discrepancies, are unmistakable portents of a grim future.

The clearest indication of Molotov's expendability was the unrestrained attack that *Pravda* made on him less than a month after the publication of his confession of ideological error. The Old Bolshevik was ominously reminded that the party was based on the principles "of the election and removability of leading workers from top to bottom," and "the subjugation of the minority to the majority." *Kommunist*, the authoritative theoretical journal in which Molotov's letter of confession appeared, is an organ whose circulation is limited to the initiated few who know Soviet dialectics; *Pravda's* circulation runs into the millions. It was the clear intention of Khrushchev and Bulganin to give the widest possible publicity to his humiliation and disgrace.

Molotov revealed his heresy in his speech in February, 1955 (on the day Malenkov resigned). He had said that "The foundations of a socialist society have already been built" in the Soviet Union. "A mistaken formula . . . was permitted by me," he wrote ruefully in *Kommunist*, which "leads to incorrect deductions that allegedly a socialist society has still not been built in the U.S.S.R." He expatiated that "The political harmfulness of this formula lies in the fact that it brings confusion into ideological questions and contradicts the deci-

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sions of the party." With fastidious superfluity, he reviewed the basic resolutions of the party since 1932, which he had supposedly contravened, concerning the progress of

socialism in Russia—Molotov had probably written some of the resolutions himself during the period when he was Stalin's alter ego. This implied that he was either crassly ignorant or criminally forgetful of what had transpired in Russia since 1932.

Errors and Errata

The time that elapsed between sin and penance—seven months—indicates that confession was preceded by tortured ideological hairsplitting between himself and his detractors. It was probably flushed out under the threat of attacks on his "error," whether he confessed or not, forcing him to decide between prudence and vanity.

The "error" was of what may be called a typographical nature, for if the word "socialist" in the questionable passage were replaced with "Communist," the statement would be ideologically unassailable. The absurdity of the entire incident is betrayed by the fact that in the same speech, only five short paragraphs before the offending passage, he had unambiguously affirmed that "socialism had already triumphed in our country in the period before the Second World War." The text was printed in pamphlet form, translated into numerous languages, and given world-wide distribution with the questionable passage intact, and yet neither outrage nor spontaneous criticism flared up. The army of scholars and diplomats who scour speeches of Soviet leaders for possible clues to policy discovered no ideological surprises in the speech, which was mainly an aggressive and uncompromising denunciation of the West.

Finally, Molotov, as head of the government (the job now held by Bulganin) between 1930 and 1941, took an active and leading role in the formulation and announcements of all party and state resolutions on the matter, and in almost every speech since 1935 until the present, he has undeviatingly affirmed the socialist character of Soviet society, thus rendering his "confession" one of the most inane on record.

THE MAGNITUDE of the self-inflicted punishment as compared with the triviality of the pretext shows that more is involved than mere doctrinal hairsplitting. Yet while Molotov's ideological orthodoxy was under attack his conduct of foreign affairs was immune from criticism. This immunity, however, he lost at the Twentieth Party Congress in February when his diplomacy was roundly condemned as "ossified," and Molotov thanked the Presidium for correcting his serious mistakes and calling attention to his inadequacy.

Like Beria's execution and Malenkov's demotion, these episodes reflect the profound but muted struggle for power that still rages in the Kremlin—a struggle that bursts from time to time through the smooth surface of collective leadership only to vanish again as abruptly as it appeared. Beria's misfortune was to be in control of a dangerous weapon of power; Malenkov's sin was to have an urge for power that displeased his older associates. Molotov's heresy is in the fact that the credentials of power have quite recently been in his possession.

The Logical Heir

As Stalin's oldest and closest collaborator, Molotov has for a long time been considered as his natural successor. "I cannot imagine his being anyone but Molotov," Victor Kravchenko observed in 1947, concerning possible successors to Stalin. "I never once met a person of any standing," he reported, "who doubted for a minute that Molotov, if he lived, would succeed Stalin on the latter's death."

The way in which his name was glorified proves how great his prestige was. Next to Stalin, there are more geographical monuments to him (from Molotova, a mountain, to Molotovo, a city) than to any other recent figure. Most of his colleagues cannot claim a single village, whereas Molotov can point to five cities, a profusion of collective farms and factories, an automobile (the Zim, exceeded in splendor only by the Zis, named after Stalin), an election district, a gasoline bomb, and countless other things.

But the general expectation that Molotov was Stalin's logical heir was buttressed by indications far more substantial than these. He is the last remaining link with Lenin and the Bolshevik Revolution, resembling a living mortal who rubbed shoulders with the sacred deities of Communism, transcending both time and history. As such he is a great psy-

chological barrier to the ambitions of the other men of the Kremlin. Furthermore, he is the most experienced administrator of the ruling hierarchy, and, more significantly, the most gifted in dialectical dexterity.

Although members of the Presidium like Kaganovich, Mikoyan, and Voroshilov sometimes get the envied label of Old Bolshevik, aside from the doddering Voroshilov, Molotov is the only genuine prerevolutionary figure of stature, a participant in the now almost legendary Revolution of 1905, a member of the Bolshevik wing since 1906, and the possessor of a distinguished police record of arrests for revolutionary activity.

MOLOTOV was born in 1890 at Kukarka (now Sovetsk) on the banks of the Vyatka, a tributary of the Volga, into a modest bourgeois

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family named Scriabin, distantly related to the composer. Joining the Bolsheviks at the improbable age of sixteen, by the time he was twenty-two he had already sufficiently impressed Lenin to be appointed secretary of the editorial board of a new Bolshevik paper, *Pravda*—principally as a reward for being sufficiently shrewd to persuade a rich young friend to finance it. The editor turned out to be a furtive but efficient bandit from Georgia named Koba (also known as Stalin) whom Lenin personally selected for the job. Thus was born an association of two personalities complementing each other—a two-man team destined to survive intact through more than four decades. Except for short periods, when he was shunted aside by more aggressive characters like Sergei M. Kirov and Andrei A. Zhdanov, Molotov became Stalin's closest and most intimate collaborator.

The appearance of the first issue of *Pravda* on April 22, 1912, coincided with the disappearance of its chief, who was promptly arrested and then whisked off to Siberia, leaving the No. 2 man with the chore of judging the manuscripts submitted by his elders. "An incurable dumbbell," Lenin once impulsively described Molotov, whose talent for annoying people first flowered when Lenin moaned and groaned from his exile in Cracow that this young upstart was "persistently and systematically" censoring his articles, blunting the edge of his razor-sharp pen, and excising meticulously all the barbs and stings.

The Filing Clerk

Molotov was only twenty-seven when the Czarist regime was overthrown in March, 1917. As a member of the Temporary Bureau of the Central Committee of the party, however, he emerged as at least the second most important Bolshevik in Petrograd—certainly the most literate—at a time when the major figures of the party were either trying to keep warm in Siberia, like Stalin, or were in temporary exile, like Lenin. He was co-author of the first post-revolutionary manifesto of the party. He revived the defunct *Pravda*. Although Lenin thought Molotov's activities during this period reflected a genuine talent for evading both initiative and inspiration, any objective appraisal of his work would reflect credit upon the manner in which a young man handled these unusual responsibilities.

At thirty, Molotov was one of twelve alternate members of the Central Committee. In the following year, 1921, he was not only elevated to full membership and appointed its "responsible secretary"; he also gained entree to the Politburo, sanctum sanctorum of Soviet power, as the first of three alternates to what was then a five-man body. He was the youngest man on record to earn this spectacular honor. Lenin once called Molotov "the best filing clerk in Russia," and it was fitting indeed that he should be assigned the job of compiling a card-index file of all party members, together with discreet notations as to ideological reliability and other virtues.

In 1922, when Stalin was chosen to fill the newly created post of general secretary of the party, Molotov became one of his two assistants. Lenin suffered his first stroke two months later and died within two years. After Molotov helped place Lenin's coffin in the special niche chiseled out of the Kremlin wall, Stalin found his fastidiously accumulated files extremely useful in getting rid of rivals.

Well-tuned Second Fiddle

As Stalin rose in power and influence, Molotov rose with him. He was appointed a full member of the Politburo after the 1925 Congress, a distinction shared with Voroshilov. Kaganovich and Mikoyan were accepted as alternates in the same year. In contrast, Khrushchev was not appointed an alternate until 1938, and did not become a full member until 1939, while Bulganin was given alternate membership only in 1946, and gained full membership just eight years ago.

Molotov's prestige as a historical figure and his matchless seniority as a party potentate are equaled by his record of uninterrupted administrative responsibility at the highest levels of government. He served as Premier from 1930 until superseded by Stalin himself in May, 1941. He has also functioned with spectacular success as Foreign Minister from 1939 down to the present, except for a period between 1949 and Stalin's death in 1953. Not once during this entire period did Molotov suffer the humiliation of self-denunciation or harsh criticism.

Molotov, like Stalin, is not a massive intellect. Unlike Stalin, he is deficient in that quality which might be called the will to achieve and maintain supreme power. But as the perfect No. 2 man it was as necessary for Molotov to lack the will to power as it was indispensable for him to become the vassal of one who had it.

THE LONG UNCHALLENGED supremacy of his patron, together with his extraordinary adroitness at reducing the hazards of his profession to a minimum, gave Molotov an extraordinary quality of durability. Then Stalin died. After that, without a machine of his own or personal following, only his proven ability and his prestige as an Old Bolshevik stood between Molotov and oblivion. The criticisms he had to endure and the confession he had to make stripped him of his cloak of immunity.

Now sixty-six, the standard retirement age for Soviet bureaucrats, Molotov may be allowed someday to retire on his pension—if he is lucky. For, considering what is happening to his late boss these days, the prospects of Molotov's continued tenure of office are not—to say the least—bright.

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How Dr. Wareham Kept His Servants

A Short Story

JOHN CHEEVER

TO DESCRIBE a man like Dr. Wareham without making him seem a troglodyte is a task. He was for years—golden years, he always said—the headmaster of a secondary school that was noted for conformism and reaction. He was a master of cant, an enemy of taste, and often a common bully, but he was on the other hand a generous man, a brilliant after-dinner speaker, and a genuine inspiration to many of his old graduates. Age had made him repetitious but it had not impaired his ringing voice and a virile presence that had, for so many years, urged the round-shouldered to stand up straight and the faint-hearted to speak firmly. He was a short man with a massive head and features that may have been coarsened by his long exposure to the capriciousness of youth, and he reminded one in the pleasantest possible way of an old charlatan.

During his years at Chatfield Academy the Doctor's enemies had liked to point out that his talents lay more on the administrative and fund-raising side than in education, and this may have been true. In any case he was a good manager. Simultaneously with his retirement at sixty he undertook the directorship of the Treffler Foundation and retired for six months of each year to Stonylea, his beloved farm in Vermont.

Stonylea was a large, handsome, comfortable house. "I like things to be well regulated," the Doctor often said, and that was the way things were. His table was famous and Mrs. Wareham's gardens were the finest in the county. When the Doctor's guests—the wives of old Chatfield men—admired the scenery, the Doctor liked to point out that the most admirable features of his landscape were his gardener and his cook. "It's all very well," he used to say, "to admire the peace and beauty of northern Vermont, but without a good cook and gardener we wouldn't last ten days."

The Doctor liked his food, and poor Deenie, his wife, could not live without her flowers. Flowers occupied much of her time. She arranged the flowers in the library on Monday, the flowers in the living room on Tuesday, and the flowers in the guest rooms on Wednesday. Then it was time to start all over again with the library. Her absorbing interest in flowers may have expressed some of Deenie's disappointments, but there is no sense in looking for trouble. The fact that the Doctor had sometimes neglected Deenie has nothing to do with our story. That the secretary in the admissions office, the nurse in the infirmary, the girl who ran the night switchboard, the wife of the Spanish master, the librarian's daughter, and a great many other women had been enjoyed by the Doctor does not concern us here unless perhaps it helps us to understand Deenie, for she had the wistful charms—and now and then the sharp tongue—of a very lonely woman.

IF YOU HAD attended Old Chatfield you wouldn't have forgotten the Doctor's ways—his pugnacious frown and the heft of his thick shoulders. A good deal of pugnacity remained, even in his mildest humors. He never seemed to neglect the question "Are you a MAN?" He had asked it of the new boys, he had asked it of the graduating class, he had even asked it of the trustees. "Is your problem a MANLY problem? Have you behaved in a MANLY way? The Chatfield School is a school for MEN." And if you had attended Chatfield you would remember how vigorously—even as he approached sixty—the old troll threw himself into the class games. There would be a stir

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at the edge of Little Drake, the pond where we played skinney, and there he would be in his '07 turtle-neck sweater. "Show no mercy to these gray hairs!" he would exclaim as he swooped around the ice and entered the fray, and his presence always seemed to make a merely pleasant game critical and exciting. (It was not until you got much older that you realized that the weary Doctor would rather have drunk some whiskey by his fire.) Then there was the walk back from Little Drake—sometimes with the Doctor's arm on your shoulders, sometimes through a fall of snow. There was the happiness you felt when you stepped into the shower and found the Great Educator there, soaping himself and singing: "Juba dis and Juba dat and Juba kill a yaller cat to make his wife a Sunday hat. Juba!" It was not the cant the old man spouted but the store of pleasant memory he was able to refresh that graduates took away with them from their visits to Stonylea.

A GREAT MANY positions had been open to the Doctor on his retirement—in business, government, and education—but the directorship of the Treffler Foundation seemed to be the one he was best suited to. It paid him handsomely and let him spend six months in Sibley. His work involved the investigation of untrustworthy elements in the educational world, and knowing—as we do now—the psychological origins of treason, his lifelong devotion to expelling the unstable elements in society had equipped him to prosecute disloyalty. He was not a witch-hunter. No one felt the force of his condemnation until he had in his hands stubborn and irrefutable proof of disloyalty. In his speeches he always expressed the value of dissent in any intellectual climate.

He was not intolerant. In spite of the impression that he gave he had never been headstrong or imprudent. His energies were prodigious but he had not overestimated them. He could be expedient in practical matters, and not long after the comfortable pattern of his semi-retirement had been established he was forced into expedience to protect his charming way of life. It was four or five years after he had left Chatfield, and he and Deenie had remained at Stonylea late in the fall as they always did.

IT WAS a Sunday. A houseful of guests had left after lunch and the old Head and his wife were alone. Deenie was arranging flowers. The Doctor sat on his broad terrace with a glass of bourbon. A car came up rattling loudly. The Doctor saw Henry Washington leave the car and come around the side of the house to the terrace. Henry ran the I.G.A. store and was prominent in the

American Legion. The Doctor greeted him affectionately although he didn't offer him any of the bourbon.

"I didn't know whether you read the Boston papers or not," Henry said, "but I thought I ought to tell you. It's about the Herzogs, the people who work for you."

"Yes."

"Well, it was in the Boston paper last night," Henry said. "They're Commies. There was a hearing down in Boston and a man said there—under oath—that they're Commies."

"It must be another couple."

"No," Henry said, "They're the same. It named Sibley and all."

"I'll look into this," the Doctor said. "If it's true I'll get rid of them. I'll fire them tomorrow."

"I knew you would,' Henry said. "I thought you ought to know. I didn't know as you read the Boston papers." The Doctor threw his arm over Henry's shoulders and led him out to the car. Then he returned to the terrace where Deenie was standing.

"Oh, it can't be true," she moaned. "It can't be true and even if it is true you can't fire them." Deenie's voice seemed never to have matured. It sounded now like the singsong voice of a wasted child. Looking into her face the Doctor thought how crooked it was. It seemed to have been broken and to have been put together clumsily. Her features were intact but the alignment was all wrong.

"You're talking rot."

"If we lose the Herzogs we'll have to sell Stonylea," Deenie said. "That's all there is to it. Neither of us has washed a teacup for twenty-five years, and it's too late to learn. We're getting old and have to be taken care of. We need servants. We need good servants."

"Rubbish."

"People won't come up from New York and work for us," Deenie said. "You know that as well as I do. You know what the natives are like. We can't eat their food. And my poor, poor garden wouldn't last a summer. If we lose the Herzogs we'll have to sell Stonylea and spend our summers at a hotel. Other people have had to do it. The Browns had to sell their lovely place because they couldn't get help. The Johnsons had to sell their place. They tried getting along with native cooks but Grace Johnson told me herself how awful it was."

"I'll talk with the Herzogs," the Doctor said, to cut her off. "I'll talk with them and see if there's anything in this. I'll get them up here now."

TO TELL the truth, the hills of Vermont and New Hampshire are full of old Communists. Latvians, Esthonians, Russians, Germans, Poles—all of them people who absorbed the principles of revolution through their European backgrounds. Today they are farmers,

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quarry workers, gardeners, and mill hands. They cannot become naturalized without perjuring themselves, and any old political associate with a scrap of information and a taste for blackmail can send them back across the Atlantic—a voyage that seems to some of them to be a kind of death. This was the dilemma of the Herzogs, who had come from Germany in the 1930's and had settled—after a year or two in Boston and Manchester—in a hill farm near Sibley.

They were skilled and industrious people. Fritz cultivated a large farm of his own and worked as a summer gardener as well. Anna was an excellent cook, and they had been working for some years as a summer couple for the Warehams. They did the chores around the place too. Anna preserved a hundred jars of this and a hundred jars of that. Fritz brought in his own hay by the light of the moon.

They were a retiring and childless couple—serious-minded, literate, and morose. In Boston, where Fritz had worked in a factory, they had gone to night school to improve their English although Fritz's reading was confined to Communist Party tactics. Fritz had organized a study group in Boston, and when they moved to Manchester a year later he had organized a study group there.

Anna was not political. She had the kind of mind that seems impermeable to political thought. She was never able to remember the simplest slogans. In Manchester, Fritz worked for a year in one of the mills and then they moved north to Sibley. It had been their plan from the beginning to have a farm. They made no friends in the village, and they were often, during their first years, homesick for the study groups in Manchester and Boston, but they subscribed to Communist magazines and newspapers and wrote now and then to their old friends.

Their political convictions and their natural moroseness led them to criticize most of what they found in Sibley but conflicting with their scorn for the bourgeois world were their traits of ambition and thrift. They were industrious and seemed at times miserly. Their point of view underwent a subtle change

when they opened an account in the Sibley bank and still later when they bought a radio. The Warehams paid them generously, and by saving most of their wages they were able to put aside enough money to buy a car. Months of careful and patient discussion preceded this purchase and at the same time they discontinued their subscription to the *Daily Worker*. One early spring afternoon they walked to the Ford dealer in the village.

Fritz was sweating. He could hardly speak. Anna took his arm and half helped him into the showroom. It is difficult for us to imagine what they were going through. In uptown New York there are many agencies where a car is driven from the garage and given to the purchaser. Even here the ceremony is intense. The mother is gotten up like a bride, and the father wears a new hat. "Is that ours, Daddy?" the children keep asking. "Is that ours, is that ours?" The father does not answer. The occasion seems too solemn. Then down the ramp she comes, separated by the force of possession from all the others like her. The mother sighs and wipes away a tear. The boys rush over to look at the new dashboard. But these are people who have bought a car before. They have bought dishwashing machines, Waring Blendors, television sets, and vacuum cleaners, and the thrill of possession is far from new to them. The experience was magnified for Fritz and Anna, who had bought nothing much in life but paint, nails, and preserve jars. Their emotions were so violent that poor Anna watered the bill of sale with her tears.

With their new car, the Herzogs—on Thursday nights—drove to the outdoor movie in Thornesville and sat through the double feature, eating fried clams out of a box. On Sundays after Anna had prepared the Warehams' supper they put on their best clothes and drove around the country. They had never been so happy. The lines of congested traffic, the signs advertising clamburgers, hooked rugs, and speedboat rides, the summer sky and the views of water that opened to them as they traveled seemed to affect them as if they were looking into the peaceable kingdom. It was not their native country, but they looked at it rapturously as if the bones of their race had been magically transplanted from East Prussia. They would stop somewhere for a hamburger and get back in time to do their chores, and it was at the end of one of these excursions that they got their call from Dr. Wareham.

"OF COURSE you can be deported," the Doctor told them. They were in his study. Anna was crying. "You understand that, of course. But I have friends in Washington—old Chatfield men—and I think I can help you. I think I can help you with your citizenship papers too. However, I want you to do something for me. I'm not bargaining. It would be unfair of me to bargain in a position like this, but I would like something in exchange for my assistance. In all my dealings at Chatfield the people who worked for me, the hundreds and hundreds of people who worked for me—even the maintenance men—willingly signed some kind of agreement as to the tenure of their jobs. A contract, you might say. You know how appreciative Mrs. Wareham and I are of your work, and I wondered if you would be willing to contract to continue to do this work for the next ten years—the next five if ten seems unreasonable to you.

"You must promise, of course, not to join or participate in any way in any subversive activities. I'll have a lawyer draw up the papers tomor-

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row. . . ." Anna could not answer when the Doctor had finished. Fritz mumbled his gratitude; he was nearly in tears himself. Then the Doctor

stood and put his arms around the shoulders of the two immigrants. "Screw your courage to the sticking place," he said, "and we'll not fail."

TO UNDERSTAND what follows one has to imagine what it must feel like to grow old. Deenie's health was poor that winter, and when the Warehams returned to New York she had an operation. When they got back to Stonylea she still suffered from adhesions, vertigo, sleeplessness, and fatigue. The Doctor had no patience with his wife's infirmities, but he was confronted now and then with stubborn proof of the fact that he was growing old himself. In May his teeth were pulled. This was meant to check a painful lameness that had begun to settle in his joints. His false teeth pinched him and made him irritable and cut down on his pleasures at the table. Still his lameness persisted. He had to give up the long walks he enjoyed, and when he had been sitting in a chair for any length of time it was only after a good deal of groaning and swearing that he was able to get back onto his feet at all.

There were still guests at Stonylea, more than ever, for it was easier to entertain with the Herzogs attached securely to the household. The Doctor had done what he promised. The testimony in Boston had been lost, and with the Doctor's sponsorship the Herzogs had taken out their citizenship papers. They were overwhelmed with gratitude, and had signed a ten-year contract.

Deenie was delighted, of course, to have such reliable servants. She had become accustomed to a large and obedient staff during the years that she had been the Head's wife at Chatfield and she merely picked up her old way of life. When Anna brought her breakfast tray up in the morning they discussed the menus, the shopping, the arrival and departure of guests, and the flowers that Deenie wanted Fritz to cut. She gave Fritz orders at nine, and she liked him to report in the visored cap and the chauffeur's uniform that she had bought for him. "The silver looked tarnished last night, Fritz," she would say, "and I wish you would polish it before the Brownlees come. Their train arrives at 4:15 and when you go down to meet them you may as well buy a case of gin. I wish I could have more roses. I don't see why the roses have been so slow this year. It seems to me that I had twice as many roses last year. And would you mind terribly going downstairs to see if I left my book on the hall table? I don't remember the title but it has a red jacket, and while you're there will you see if you can find my glasses?"

THE ONLY inconsiderateness that Deenie was guilty of was her insistence upon Fritz's wearing a uniform whenever he drove the car. She also showed a tendency to prolong the cocktail hour and delay dinner. She changed the dinner hour from seven to seven-thirty; and it was sometimes after eight when she and her guests came into the dining room where Fritz would be waiting in a white coat. This meant that the Herzogs were not through with their work until after eleven. They would turn out the kitchen lights and cross the driveway to some rooms over the garage, for it had seemed to Deenie a waste of time for them to return every night to their farm.

The rooms over the garage were hot. There was a lumpy bed, a tinted photograph of Niagara Falls on the wall, and a painted table with a spade-shaped burn on its top, half concealed by a scrap of cloth that seemed to have been embroidered by a child.

The Herzogs woke at six. They had to rise that early to get their work done. If guests were expected, Anna would have to prepare the rooms before she cooked breakfast. Fritz did much of his gardening that early in the day because he was sometimes expected to have his uniform on by nine. "Fritz, Fritz, Fritz, Fritz—." Deenie's voice seemed to seek him out. "The Brownlees are bringing some friends with them," she said, "and will you kill some ducks for lunch? We'll have twelve for lunch and so I think five ducks. And oh, yes, Fritz, there's something else that I wanted to speak about with you. It's a delicate question and it may seem meddlesome of me and I know that you have a lot on your mind but I wondered if you couldn't possibly arrange to take a bath before you wait on table. . . ."

BEFORE summer was half over, the Herzogs had begun to look anxiously for signs of autumn, when they could get back to their own farm and their own schedule. In September, the green in the trees began to lose its brightness; the north

winds began to blow. The Warehams usually left in October, and the Herzogs began to count the days until they could return home. One morning when Fritz reported to Deenie, she told him the Doctor's plans. "We're going to stay until the twentieth," she said. "We're having guests on the eighteenth, and Anna can start putting away the woolens when they go. I want you to drive the Doctor and me to New York on the twentieth and Anna can

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follow alone on the train because we want you to come to New York and work for us there this winter. I know you'll love it. The servants' room in our apartment is very comfortable, and think of all the exciting things you can do in your time off."

"We don't want to go to New York, Mrs. Wareham," Fritz said.

"Why that's ridiculous, Fritz," Deenie said. "Ridiculous and ungrateful. You owe your life to Dr. Wareham. And anyhow you're under contract and you don't have any choice. You know that as well as I do." Then, thinking that she might have spoken too sharply, she changed her tone. "Are you worried about Anna going down on the train alone, Fritz? Is that what's worrying you? Perhaps we can come to some other arrangement. You'll *love* New York."

THE NEXT DAY was cloudy and windy. After lunch Fritz put on his best clothes and walked down the Warehams' long driveway to the main road, where he got a bus to Concord. He felt uncomfortable in his best clothes—lonely and unlike himself. He suffered from the deep shyness of many country people. The thought of being uprooted from Sibley and transplanted to New York angered and frightened him. The first part of his journey that day was along those roads that he had traveled with Anna in their Ford on Sunday afternoons, but he seemed to have parted from those pleasant times and this made him even sadder. The blue mountains fell below the horizon, and then the country was strange and new.

He left the bus in Concord and asked a stranger the way to the station. There was a 4:22 train to Manchester. He went out onto the platform long before the train was due, afraid that he might miss it. It was dark when he left the train at Manchester, and some memories of the year he had lived there seemed mixed with the rain that had begun to fall. He went to a drugstore, looked up the name of his old friends the Bunnings in a telephone directory, and called their number. Herda Bunning answered. He recognized her voice at once. "It's Fritz Herzog," he said. "You remember me? Fritz and Anna. We lived over the Boudreaus."

"I remember."

"I want to see you," Fritz said.

"Is better not, Fritz," the woman said.

"I must," Fritz said. "I must."

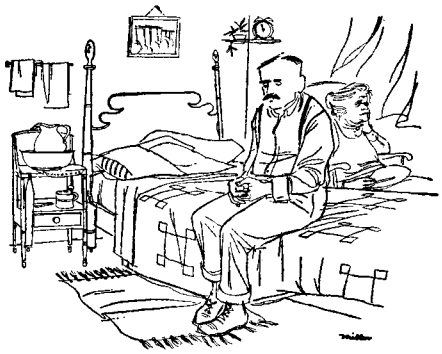
"Fritz?" A man spoke to him then.

"Heinrich," Fritz said. "I must see you."

"Yes, Fritz," Heinrich said. "Come. We live in the same place."

They lived out of the city. He took a bus and then walked half a mile through a neighborhood of small houses. The study group had been held at the Bunnings', and it was this that Fritz remembered. He went down a street that he had gone down night after night when he was younger, rapt in his determination to learn, to improve his discipline and grasp of revolutionary theory. As he approached the house he heard loud music. It sounded like the caterwauling of a street band. He rang the bell. It was Heinrich who let him in, and how glad he was to see his old friend! He shook hands with Herda and then saw that there were others in the room. "You know everybody," Heinrich said. There was Louise, who had been a member of the Central Committee; Goslin, who had organized the rayon unit; Henry, who had been a captain in the Spanish Civil War; and Richards, who had edited the party newspaper. "Yes, yes, yes," he said, and he shook their hands warmly, borne halfway through the reunion by the exhilaration of leaving a rainy night for a roomful of old friends.

But there his exhilaration stopped. Halfway around the circle he realized



his unwelcomeness, realized it more forcibly than if they had shut the door in his face. He was not welcome. He took off his wet hat but no one took it from him. He stood there in his raincoat, so confused by their hostility that he could not, for a moment, say anything that was not foolish. "It's raining," he said. "I come from Sibley. I have a farm. Anna. . ." They were sitting in a group and he went to the other end of the small room. "You still meet," he said. "That's good. Every Saturday?"

"We meet now for music," Heinrich said.

"Yes?"

"Louise the flute, Henry the clarinet, Herda the violin. I have the mellophone."

"We played carols at Christmas," Herda said.

"You made the music I heard?"

"Yes."

"'Pomp and Circumstance,'" Herda said. "You want to hear?"

"Yes."

"By Elgar," Herda said. She sat down at a music stand by the others.

"One, two three," Heinrich said, tapping his foot on the floor. They began to play.

The noise was deafening. While they struggled with the music Fritz looked around at the changes in the living room. Marx, Lenin, Stalin—the old pictures were all gone. The big bookcase that had served the study group for a library held nothing now but a china pot and a paper flower. The dismal music came to an end. No one spoke.

"Heinrich, can I see you alone?" Fritz asked.

"Yes."

He let the spit out of his mellophone and led Fritz into a back hall. Wash hung from the ceiling and there was a garbage pail beside the door.

"What do you want, Fritz?" Heinrich asked.

"I want to join the Communist Party."

"Oh, you make trouble, Fritz," Heinrich said. "You make trouble. Leave us alone."

"This music?"

"This music is serious. We are serious people. We are old friends. What we lose we replace. I take lessons on the mellophone for two years now. Everything is changed. You make trouble, Fritz. Even to see you reminds us all of trouble. We play 'Pomp and Circumstance'

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better. Everybody was nervous with you here. Now we try to live like everybody else. We have two children. Did you know? Go away, Fritz, go away."

"I have to join the Communist Party," Fritz said miserably. "I have this contract. It is my only way out. No one else can help me? Brenner? Richards? Lipold?"

"They've all gone," Heinrich said. "No, go away, Fritz, go away. Don't come back here."

HEINRICH let him out the back door and closed it after him. He stood by the side of the house. In the distance he heard bells and whistles, and then the music began again.

What he had to do then was find a place to spend the night, and he rode a bus back to the center of the city and walked to the riverbank, where some of the old mill tenements were kept as boarding-houses. One of these was lighted, and an old Frenchman led him upstairs to an attic room. He took off his wet coat and noticed that the door to the room across the hall stood open and that a man there was watching him.

"You going to be my neighbor for any length of time?" the stranger asked.

"Tonight," Fritz said. "That's all."

"Cigarette?" the stranger asked. Now he stood in the doorway of Fritz's room, holding out a package of cigarettes.

"No," Fritz said. "I don't smoke."

"I don't blame you," the stranger said, shaking his head. "It's a bad habit." He held up the cigarette he was smoking and looked at it. "Sweepings," he said. "That's all it is. Floor sweepings from a tobacco factory. They get twenty-five cents for a package of waste. The conditions they work under." He shook his head and his voice fell with dismay. "Sweatshop conditions."

"You work in the mill here?" Fritz said.

"No," the man said, even more sadly. "I'm a piano tuner."

"Oh," Fritz said.

"I work," the stranger said with disgust, "for the bourgeoisie."

The word seemed to waken Fritz. He looked up.

"Sit down," he said. "Come in and close the door, please, and sit down."

"They think they love music," the stranger said scornfully. "It's nothing but a sham. They pay five, six hundred dollars for a piano, a stick of furniture. They talk about it all the time. My piano, my grand piano, I have a grand piano. All they like is television."

It was the dry melancholy in the man's voice that touched Fritz's memory and led him to hope that he had found someone who could help him, as indeed he had.

OLD CHATFIELD men—talking about the Doctor in his absence—liked to remember his violent temper. There was the time when he had pulled down all the window shades and trampled on them; there was the time when he broke the tennis racket over the head of his opponent; there was the time when he got into a fist fight with the headmaster of another school over a lineman's decision in a football game. The violence of his temper, the loudness of his voice, and his eloquence when it came to abuse and calumny had the power to remind strong men of the terrors of childhood.

When Fritz announced to the Doctor that he had joined a fraternal organization that was on the Attorney General's list and had freed himself of all the obligations of his contract, he received one of the fieriest denunciations of the Head's old age. The indictment raged on for half an hour. The ranting drove poor Deenie out of the house, but even in the garden—even on the tennis court—she could not get away from the sound of his voice. Then she heard a door close and saw Fritz walk across the terrace. The old man followed him out onto the grass and fired a few oaths at him from there. Then it was over and the Herzogs were gone.

The Doctor tried to make things difficult for them. He wrote a letter to the local paper and alerted the natives, but the Herzogs had no real trouble. Joe Wilmot who ran the pool parlor suggested that they could signal to enemy bombers from the windows of their farm, but no one took Joe seriously. The local policeman called on them a day or two after they had left Stonylea, but he only called to tell them that they should get in touch with him in case of trouble. Their lives had always been solitary. They loved their farm and were glad to be back working their own fields. On Sundays, while the weather remained fair, they took rides in their car.

IT WAS two weeks before the Warehams closed Stonylea, but the reason for this delay was that they were unable to find anyone among the natives who would take down their awnings, put up the shutters, drain the pool, and do the other work that Fritz had done. A willing old man was finally found. He was garrulous and kept a whiskey bottle in his toolbox. A native woman came in to cook lunch and dinner, but they could not eat her food. Between the country cook and the drunken handyman the Warehams had a bad time. When they left Stonylea they left it for good. They spent the next summer at the Mansion House in Thornesville.

The Herzogs kept to themselves, but when they went into the village they were greeted as friends. In less than a year their political malfeasance was forgotten by everyone but the real-estate dealer. When he drove strangers around the village he liked to point out the house where Daniel Webster had spent the night, the lawn across which Lafayette had ridden a horse, the steeple that had been designed by Bulfinch, and the green-shingled roof of the Herzogs' farm. "That's where the Communists live," he said. That was all.

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They All Pick On Sweet Will

ROBERT BINGHAM

THE MURDER OF THE MAN WHO WAS 'SHAKESPEARE,' by Calvin Hoffman. *Messner. $3.95.*

So much time and paper have been spent in trying to prove that Shakespeare's plays were written by somebody else that a number of otherwise sober citizens who have never forgiven Shakespeare for the way his poetry was drummed into them in high school may perhaps be forgiven for concluding that where there's smoke there's fire. In most cases, however, it turns out that where there's smoke there are the smudge pots of fifth-rate scholarship.

For a certain temperament, whose ingenuity might otherwise be devoted to such constructive pastimes as collecting string or memorizing big-league batting averages, the attack on Shakespeare becomes a mania. Some see it as a problem in cryptography. It is said that one inspired fugitive from the Sunday *Times* puzzle page worked out an elaborate system of subjecting the letters in every seventh word of *Hamlet* to a cabalistic formula by which he could establish beyond the shadow of a doubt that Shakespeare was written by Francis Bacon. The only trouble was that the same formula could be used to prove that Bacon wrote the Chicago telephone book. The Earls of Oxford, Rutland, Southampton, and Derby also have their devoted followers. A select few prefer Queen Elizabeth herself, who was of course a man. And comes now Mr. Calvin Hoffman with proof positive that the job was done by Christopher Marlowe.

That Little Assumption

All the anti-Shakespeareans invariably begin with one little assumption upon which depends everything that follows: Shakespeare couldn't have written Shakespeare. The evidence as summed up by Mr. Hoffman is typical and familiar: Shakespeare was too poorly educated to have composed the lines that have been annotated by so many Ph.D.s. "We know, concretely," he asserts with vindictive snobbery, "that Shakespeare never attended a university." (Marlowe went to Cambridge. So there!) Mr. Hoffman might have gone further and quoted reputable scholars to the effect that even while young Shakespeare was in school he seems to have played hooky quite a lot and spent his time hanging around stables and taprooms—where he no doubt picked up some of the earthy imagery that distinguishes his work from much of Marlowe's.

And then there are the "lost years," from 1585 to 1593, when little is known of Shakespeare's activities. Of course, he may have read hungrily as an unhappily married school teacher in his twenties. But Mr. Hoffman chooses to deduce from the lack of information we have about this period that Shakespeare must have been an ignorant bumpkin when he arrived in London sometime before 1590. If he was a writer, where is his by-line? "Surely, this period was the time for trial and error, for those fumbling attempts to poetize which are so much a part of any artist's growth." Others who have studied Elizabethan drama at least as thoroughly as Mr. Hoffman has believe that during the years in question the apprentice Shakespeare fumbled away at several plays, including *The Comedy of Errors* and *Richard III*. But Mr. Hoffman can find no documentary evidence that Shakespeare did anything at all but wait around to start serving as front man for his friend Marlowe in 1593. As always, the burden of proof is on Shakespeare, who was regrettably more concerned with learning his trade than with getting his name on record at the Stationers' Register.

Of course, his name *did* appear on a number of Quartos in the years that followed. But that only shows the infamous guile of the man. "Nothing," Mr. Hoffman declares with finality, "outside of title-page evidence identifies William Shakespeare as a poet or a man of letters." The same, as far as your reviewer has been able to establish, goes for Mr. Hoffman.

All right, so that rules out Shakespeare. The only question that remains then is, Who *did* poetize the plays? Heretofore it had commonly been supposed that Christopher Marlowe was killed in some sort of barroom brawl in the spring of 1593. Not so, says Mr. Hoffman. Marlowe was in trouble with the authorities and the "murder" was a put-up job. From the evidence Mr. Hoffman produces in support of this theory he proves irrefutably that back in the 1590's police records were not what they are today. Nothing more. "So, laboriously, the pieces of the puzzle begin to fit," sighs our guide through these wonders.

GIVEN that Shakespeare couldn't have written the plays that have been attributed to him and that Marlowe didn't die when everyone thought he did, the hard part is over and all that remains is to prove that Marlowe did write Shakespeare's plays. Easy as shooting fish in a barrel. Mr. Hoffman does the job to his own satisfaction by means of what he calls "the extraordinary resemblance of style" between Marlowe and Shakespeare.

To be sure, many critics have already pointed out that Shakespeare learned a lot from Marlowe, who was much too good a poet to deserve the treatment Mr. Hoffman gives him; and it is to be expected that many phrases and metaphors which were in popular usage at the time would appear in the plays of both. But Mr. Hoffman goes much further. To clinch his case, the last thirty pages of his book are devoted to parallel excerpts:

The Jew of Malta:
"Poppy and cold mandrake juice."
Othello:
"Not poppy, nor mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of
the world . . ."

If the comparison proves anything at all, it is that Shakespeare was a better poet than Marlowe.

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A Very Odd Declaration of Independence

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

LUCY CROWN, by Irwin Shaw. *Random House. $3.50.*

When Nora walked out of Ibsen's Doll's House, the slamming of that door was the first great literary salvo in the intensified battle of the sexes already raging outside the theater. "Before all else, you are a wife and mother," the husband cries. "I don't believe that any longer," says Nora implacably. ". . . before all else I am a reasonable human being, just as you are."

The battle is still on—despite women ambassadors, department-store executives, and the too pat European conviction that the United States is a wife-and-mother-ridden society. Evidence of the continuing warfare is the carnage of our marriages. The statistics might be left to the sociologists and the sweepings-up to the divorce mills; the anguish must concern our novelists.

IRWIN SHAW'S third novel is a compassionate, expertly constructed account of what happens to a latter-day Nora after she walks out of her doll's house. For fifteen years Lucy Crown has been the beautiful, loyal, and timid wife of a man who knew all the answers but one. Oliver is handsome, Ivy League, a meticulous organizer; he runs his office, he runs his wife, he runs his son. He is a faithful husband and provider, but he does not see that he has failed to satisfy Lucy's need for realizing herself as a human being.

When the inevitable day comes for Lucy's declaration of independence she makes it with the only weapon she has: a summer affair with her son's twenty-year-old tutor. She does not love Jeff but Jeff is absolutely necessary for her self-respect. "Adultery," says a world-weary friend of the outraged husband, "is the upper-middle-class American woman's form of self-expression."

If the matter ended there, it would be a commonplace. But Lucy's infidelity has been witnessed by the thirteen-year-old son, Tony. Out of his agony, the boy telephones his father in the city to come quickly. The scenes in which Tony tells his father what he has witnessed through the half-open blinds of a summer cottage, the confrontation of a cold-bladed Oliver with tremulous guilt-stricken Lucy, the wife's attempt to lie her way out at first and then her angry truthful defiance —Mr. Shaw admirably infuses all these echo-chamber situations with deep understanding, convincing motivation, and honed perception. Credit this author with not loading his emotional dice. He lets them fall as they will, entering sympathetically into the psyches of each of his three leading characters.

Spiral of Wreckage

But the core of Mr. Shaw's concern is what happens afterward. For though the marriage goes on, Nora has already walked out. Oliver wants his erring wife back; he "forgives" her not because he realizes wherein he has failed but because Lucy is necessary to him. Lucy, however, agrees to resume her marriage only on the selfish and frightened condition that her son be exiled from the family. She cannot face the thought of living with the day-by-day mute accusation of the boy.

So, as a result of a petty incident of summertime, the three are trapped in a spiral of wreckage and incomprehension. For ten years Lucy, no sensualist, seeks to find the answer in various beds. And all the while her nominal marriage continues. "It's not much of a marriage," she thinks wryly, "but it's a marriage. Probably it's no worse than most."

Oliver seeks and achieves death in the war. The boy grows up hating his mother, ashamed of the suppurating wounds of vulgarity that begin to mar Oliver's dignified polished surface. Grown up, Tony pre-

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fers to live in France because . . . "the French are in despair, and he admires that." His wife is hard, bitter-pale, her face "marked by resignation and a permanent dissatisfaction."

"Maybe it's the style for the young married set this year," Lucy wonders, for now Lucy is middle-aged, a successful career woman in international social work. Beneath her gleaming, well-groomed surface the brackish currents of unfulfillment continue to flow. The author wants to believe in the final reconciliation of mother and son; their encounter is pitiful and touching but happiness remains as far away as ever.

Like all true novelists Shaw is a moralist. He is trying to find out how marriages may be kept from dissolving in our corrosive society. He is not clinically but humanly concerned in the destinies of his people. He doesn't pretend to easy answers but he poses hard questions. Nevertheless, he has written a book which —with all its nice-meshed talk, its chromium-gleaming surface, its fine tooling—is so frozen in despair that the ultimate effect is a kind of sclerosis of the will. For, despite the sharp individuation of his portraiture, the characters all view the world with the same smart, bored bitterness. "Take a train full of commuters on their way home at six o'clock any evening in the week and you'll have enough boredom collected in one place to blow a large-sized town off the face of the map. Boredom. The beginning and end of pessimism." So Oliver in his drunken third-act confession to his son. "On our shield are the three Great Words—Suicide, Failure and Adultery, and I challenge any red-blooded American family to do better." The son sees his mother after sixteen years. "Wreathed in lust, Tony thought sardonically, garlanded everlastingly with desire, my mother approaches."

Life as we see it here is a gray fog of mistaken decisions and inevitable consequences, from which one can emerge only momentarily in jags of alcohol or sensuality. But it is neither joyous intoxication nor joyous sex. Like so many of our writers, Irwin Shaw finds little cause for celebration in life; there is no aesthetic factor at work to lighten the pervading pain, no bathing of the senses, no relief in the slanting gleams of irony or wit. With all our energy, we have no true first-rank satirical writers in America today, no Joyce Carys, no Evelyn Waughs, no Huxleys. Most of our novelists are earnest, unforgiving, and utterly lacking in that necessary obliquity of perspective that makes of the tragedy of living also a divine comedy.

Book Notes

CAPTAIN OF THE QUEENS: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN HARRY GRATTIDGE, FORMER COMMODORE OF THE CUNARD LINE. As Told to Richard Collier. *Dutton. $4.50.*

In 1906, at the age of fifteen, Harry Grattidge shipped out as boy apprentice of the British merchant service on the four-masted bark *Osborne* bound for South America. The hardships, the schooling in duty and courage on the *Osborne* are quietly set down just as, later, his account of how he stepped off the bridge and swam for it when the *Lancastria* was sunk by German bombs off St. Nazaire in the Second World War is a quiet one too. The only duty that ever perturbed the Captain looking back on a life of service at sea was that of entertaining notables at his table on the *Queen Mary*: They interested him; they made him nervous; he was terribly nice to them, and they succeeded—with chitchat and a crowded succession of names and anecdotes—in damaging quite seriously the later chapters of a fine story bravely told.

TEN DAYS IN AUGUST, by Bernard Frizell. *Simon and Schuster. $3.95.*

The ten days referred to in the title are those immediately preceding the liberation of Paris on August 25, 1944. Much *franc-tireuring* and unbelievable quantities of *amour* during the abortive uprising of the Resistance against the German garrison. Beautiful Resistance girl captured by Gestapo. Mr. Frizell, a graduate of the Psychological Warfare Branch, seems pretty knowledgeable about his background facts and chronology, except that for some odd reason he believes the Civil Affairs section of the Army in France was AMGOT. In any case, the B-movie producer who can resist this novel hasn't been born.

THE PRESENCE OF GRACE, by J. F. Powers. *Doubleday. $2.95.*

Mr. Powers stands among the three or four best short-story writers at work in this country today, mostly because of his unpretentious control over material that would run away with a less disciplined writer. Out of the homely details of parish-house gossip and chancery politics he distills the richness and variety of Catholic life in America. Those who devoured these nine Powers stories when they first appeared in magazines will want to savor them on rereading in this collection, his first since *The Prince of Darkness.* But one envies most the readers who have still to come upon them for the first time.

FORBIDDEN AREA, by Pat Frank. *Lippincott. $3.50.*

This brisk novel leads us to the brink of atomic war. Saboteurs are blowing up our bombers; an enemy submarine fleet in prodigious numbers is nearing our shores. The President overrules his advisers: He will not order atomic bombing and bring the world to ruin. However, he is not left to endure the effects of his decision. Our intelligence people catch the saboteurs; a swarm of helicopters spots the submarines; the enemy turns tail and goes home. All ends well.

YOUR OWN BELOVED SONS, by Thomas Anderson. *Random House. $3.50.*

Mr. Anderson, a twenty-six-year-old veteran of the Korean War, is a gifted writer with a better command of ground-forces talk, weapons, organization, and combat than anyone we can think of. Regrettably, his novel about the misadventures of a six-man patrol from a surrounded recon company sags badly at the end because the plot is patently imposed on an honest action story, much of which really happened. However, the reader is hereby defied to put down the book before finishing it.

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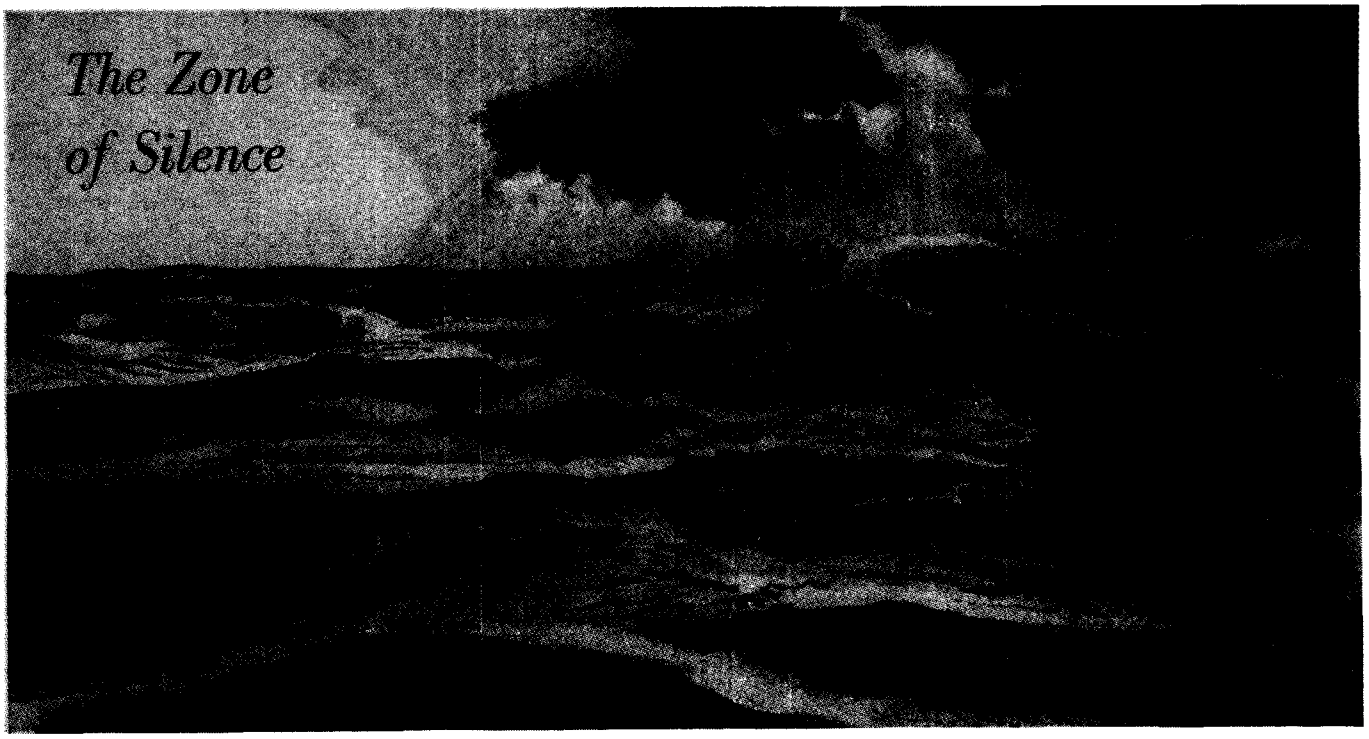

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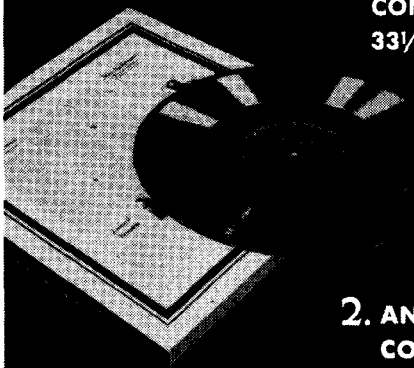

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